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THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS

By

Paul Deresco AUGSBURG

"I'm happy to welcome you to the fleet," said Admiral Ackers, with a broad smile.

NO one ever called him "Little Muffer" to his face. When a man's two sleeves are heavy with braid, with the wide gold band and three gilt stripes of Cincus, commander-in-chief of the fleet, you address him as "Admiral" or "Sir" but hardly—while sane—as "Little Muffer." Yet in every wardroom and Navy station Admiral Holbrook was known by that name.

The officers always grinned when they said it. But there were no barbs in their amusement; there was sympathy and even affection.

The nickname first started on an autumn day soon after the last World War. Holbrook was just a commander then, a peppery, agile, alert little man, and definitely a scrapper. He would meet all comers, whether in boxing or bridge, or even a Congressional Committee hearing.

On that autumn day a radio message was brought to Holbrook. He read it without a change of expression, outwardly unmoved by news which was hardly less than ironic ruin. He turned to his yeoman with certain orders, signed two reports, and, his duties in hand, walked to his stateroom and bolted the door. There he fought—and conquered—the bitter tears which threatened to break through his defences.

It was wholly characteristic of Holbrook that he did not flinch from telling the wardrom the news contained in that radio message. From his place at the head of the officers' mess he announced it at dinner a few hours later:

"Gentlemen, the steward will pass out cigars. Mrs. Holbrook has presented me with a daughter."

He could see the amusement twinkling in their eyes, for nothing ever escaped Little Muffer. And he knew, within less than a day of its birth, the sobriquet which was born that night after he had left the wardroom table.

"Muffed again!" "Little Muffer."

For this daughter was Holbrook's fifth—and last. Six months later their mother died — of influenza, the doctor stated; but Navy households firmly believed that chagrin and a broken heart had killed her long before her time.

And why? Because ever since John Paul Jones there had been a Holbrook in the Navy. Each generation had given the flag at least one officer of the line.

As for Little Muffer, the Navy was in him, his blood and his breath. No Holbrook had climbed so high as he. There were four stars on his personal flag, and yet he would gladly have cut those to two, or even to none, for a son in the Service.

But not in exchange for his daughter Barbara. For Alice or Cynthia or Joan, or for Ann Louise, now Mrs. Randall—aye, he'd have swapped Ann Louise herself, social grandeur and all, for a Navy ensign.

The youngest girl was a different story. Having no mother to bring her up, she had been reared by Little Muffer. From the start, when she was first able to walk, he had treated her as if she were a boy. Even the name he called her—Bos'n—suggested a hardshell seaman who walked with a roll.

Small wonder that when she had reached her teens Bos'n could handle a boat and shoot as well as any boy of her age. "Jane's Fighting Ships" had become her Bible, and she knew the silhouettes of ships even better than Little Muffer himself.

The other girls were horrified at seeing Barbara become such a tomboy. But their father paid no attention to their indignant pleas. It was not until she was nineteen that Holbrook began to have some faint misgivings about his youngest daughter.

THEY met in San Francisco this time, and Alex Stroud, the Admiral's flag lieutenant, accompanied him on his visit ashore. He stood half a head over Little Muffer, a bronzed young fellow, whose looks and manner fitted him well for his kind of duty.

Holbrook watched Barbara inspect young Stroud as though she were dubious of his merits. Those golden aiguilettes on his shoulder were exciting to look at, but she was Navy and not to be dazzled by pretty trappings.

"What's your specialty, Mr. Stroud?" she asked him.

"It's gunnery, Miss Holbrook," he answered.

"Ump!" she said, just like her father. But merely because a man says "gunnery" doesn't signify he knows much about it. While Holbrook listened, very much uneasy, she put Alex Stroud through an oral quiz to decide herself how good he might be.

"Well, does he pass?"

"Yes, sir," she nodded, and then her nose wrinkled and Barbara laughed. Little Muffer was glad for that feminine laugh; glad she had wrinkled her nose just then, for it was a very fetching expression.

The Admiral hoped that his flag-lieutenant would be impressed with little Bos'n. Stroud was good Navy; good head on the boy; good chance of going up the ladder, but a girl who conversed like the Naval College might understandably scare him off!

She was looking from one to the other of them with puzzled, rather suspicious eyes. "It just happens I'm terribly interested in naval gunnery, Mr. Stroud. I hope to discuss it with you some more."

"I'll be delighted."

The door closed behind young Stroud, and Barbara kissed her father.

"You like my flag-lieutenant, Bos'n?"

"Yes," she nodded quickly, but clearly Stroud was now far from her mind.

An alarm gong sounded in Holbrook's head. Instinct warned him, "Bos'n's in love! She's met some fellow while I was at sea—a landsman?" That would be almost too much.

"Father—" There; it was coming now! Not a dozen times in her whole life had Barbara called the Admiral that. "Father, I—I've heard—"

"Heard what?"

"What they call you, sir. It's not fair. It's dreadful!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand you Bos'n. Steady!"

But there was no stopping her now. The tear storm burst in a gust of quick sobs. "I hate myself. It's s-s-s-so unjust. I know. I found out. I made them tell me. They gave you the name when I was born—when I wasn't the b-b-boy you wanted."

Little Muffer was scared. Bos'n never cried.

"Now, Bos'n, that's a lie. They—they don't know what they're talking about. Why I wouldn't trade you for a dozen sons. So help me, Bos'n, that's the truth."

He felt her cling tightly to him, her face buried hard against his chest.

"You," Holbrook gulped, "you're all I've got—really got. I'm proud of you, girl. Stop, now! Here's a handkerchief. You wouldn't want Alex to see you like this when we go to dinner."

"He's g-going too?"

Little Muffer took heart. After all, he thought, that sudden alarm had been a false one. No stuffy landsman had captured his girl, and Stroud was on deck—aye, handsomely so . . .

Please turn to page 28

Being in the Army doesn't mean that a girl should neglect her appearance and risk losing her feminine charm. In fact, it is quite the opposite. We have to do justice to the uniform we proudly wear. The finishing touch to my "make up" is Escapade Lipstick. Escapade is made from the formula of our principals, who are one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

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FATE WITH LONG EARS

By MARIAN B. COCKRELL

THE first time Clem Murdock met up with Frisco, the phantom, he was out driving with a beautiful blonde named Helena. It was a moonlit night, and, all in all, everything seemed perfect. Helena, however, spoiled Clem's dreaming by deciding that there was something the matter with the lights. "I'm sure you have only one light," she said, and Clem, after assuring her three times that he had two, stopped the car.

Leaving the door of his two-door sedan swinging, he went around in front and inspected. He got back in and started the car. "Two lights," he said firmly.

Helena leaned back against the seat in a decorative way, and looked forgiving. He felt peaceful, and it was definitely a shock when, without any preliminary warning, a furry black thing whooshed over from the back seat and slid down between them with a soft, satisfied "Woof."

"EEEEEeeee!" Helena shrieked, and Clem was startled into stepping on the accelerator by mistake, missing a parked car by a hair before he jerked the wheel too hard the other way and ended up with one wheel on the kerb.

"Take it away!" Helena was trying to open the door on her side.

"Hey, wait!" Clem said. "It's just a little old dog."

Helena turned, with one foot on the running board, and saw gazing at her two soulful eyes set in a mess of fur.

"How did it get in here?" she exclaimed, keeping as far away from it as possible.

"How do I know?" Clem said. "If his name's on his collar we'll get rid of him in a jiffy. . . . you nearly wrecked us, yelling like that."

"I did!" Helena said indignantly.

"Here it is," Clem said. "His name's Frisco, for gosh sakes. . . . Worthington Boulevard — that's somewhere about here, isn't it?"

"I don't know. Put him out and let's go."

"We'll have to take him home." He picked Frisco up and threw him into the back seat. "Stay there, you dopey excuse for a dog," he said sternly. Clem's ideal dog, which he intended to acquire as soon as he got around to it, was a large, noble animal that would obey his slightest command and intelligently rescue him if he ever needed it. "I wouldn't have a dog that would take up with strangers," he said.

"I don't want to ride with him in the car," Helena insisted. "And —oooooohhhh! get away—especially if he won't stay back there!" For Frisco was once more between them. Clem flung him into the back again. "Clem Murdock, you put that thing out!"

"I'm taking him home," Clem said stubbornly. "Might get run over. Probably hasn't sense enough to find his way, anyhow. Probably the apple of some old dame's eye . . ."

"Then you can take me home, too!" she said furiously.

Clem started the car. "I'll take you home first," he said, "if you feel like making a point of it."

He drove to her house in silence, stopping now and again to throw the stupid thing in the back seat. He tried to make up once with Helena, but she was really angry now, and he left her at her door.

As he drove away, Frisco, who was in the front seat again, rested his chin on Clem's wrist and snorted softly. Clem pushed him away angrily, but soon found it was easier to let him put his chin where he pleased.

He drove back to where he had looked at the headlights, and, sure enough, there was the number—56 Worthington Boulevard. It was eleven o'clock, but there were lights on in the house, so he took Frisco firmly under one arm, walked up and rang the bell.

The door opened right away, and a girl took one look and said, "Frisco!" and gathered him into her arms, murmuring fond chidings that would make any dog run away. Clem thought, just to be greeted this way on his return.

"Come in," she said. "Goodness, I was so worried. Was he in your car? He's just awful. He loves to ride in cars, and if you leave a door open in he pops."

"He just popped over from the back seat," said Clem.

"You never see him get in."

"Well," Clem said, "I was glad to bring him back."

"It was so nice of you," she said.

There was a short pause. Clem heard himself come out with, "Uh—I—do you live here all the time?"

The girl smiled. "Day in and day out," she said.

"Well, look," he said, "I bet I could find somebody we both know to—to kind of introduce us and——"

"If you could," she said. "By the way, the name is Constance Gordon." Her voice left things hanging pleasantly in the air.

CLEM didn't have much trouble finding a friend who knew Connie Gordon. Charlie Graham said he'd take him out there any time. "Her old man's a lawyer," he said, "and she's got a —"

"Yeah," Clem said. "She's got a thing she calls a dog."

So Charlie took him out there one night, and he met Aunt Charity, a bright-eyed lady who was given to sitting quietly and occasionally taking a crack at somebody—anybody. But Clem liked her, and he thought she liked him. Clem was a lawyer, too, and, since they had one in the family, Aunt Charity was more or less conditioned to them.

After the first night he dispensed with Charlie's services, and spent a good deal of time with the Gordons.

He went to see Helena a time or two, but she complained about the dog hairs in his car, and they didn't hit it off very well any more.

Frisco, however, was the only flaw in a relationship which was growing more and more gratifyingly felicitous. When Frisco came into the conversation, which was lamentably often, Clem and Connie began to argue.

Once he told her in no uncertain terms what a dog ought to be.

"By all means," she said. "And do you cast off your friends when you find out they aren't perfect?"

"I didn't train my friends," he said. They were riding in the motor-car, with Frisco between them, as usual.

"I don't cast people off because they've got ideas of their own."

"I love him like a brother," Clem said bitterly. "Do you mind if we try to make him stay in the back, and talk of something else? . . . There's a dance at the club Friday night," he went on quickly, in a friendlier tone . . .

A few days after that Clem had to take a short trip out of town, and called in to see if Connie could go with him.

"Come on," he said. "I've just got to run down to Centerville to pick up a paper and come back to file it here. We could have lunch."

"I'd love to," she said, and sighed regretfully. "But I've promised to go flying with Bob Shropshire."

Clem looked at her, and his heart began to thump a little. Suddenly he put his arms around her and kissed her.

She pushed him away quickly. "Go away, Clement," she said softly.

"Connie!"

She retreated up the stairs. "Good-bye, darling," she called softly, and Clem at last slammed the door, went out, and got in his car and drove off.

Centerville was a hundred miles away, and he had gone about twenty before he discovered that the trip wasn't going to be quite as solitary as he had thought. With no sound except a slight slither as he coasted down the back of the seat, Frisco flopped down beside him and whuffed companionably.

"Why, you—well, I'll be—"

Frisco stared at him tensely, as if hanging on his every word. "All right, then, you can go." This decision was but the work of a moment, for it would have involved an extra forty miles to get Frisco back where he belonged.

They bowled along, with Clem telling Frisco what a blot he was on the face of Dogdom, and Frisco listening with flattering concentration.

When they arrived in Centerville Clem left a window down about six inches from the top for air, shut Frisco in the car, and proceeded to the offices of Lane and Connelly.

Craig Connelly, the junior partner, asked him to lunch. While they were out Clem called up the Gordons and told the maid to tell Connie what had become of the object of her misguided affections.

After lunch they went back to the office and Craig gave Clem the demurrer to file. He put it down to get a paper cup of water for Frisco and then, with legal paper in one hand and the water in the other, started out.

"Be sure you file that to-day, chum," Craig said, "or we'll both be beheaded."

"Sure, sure," Clem said. "So long."

He went back to the car and got in. "Want some water, mindless marvel?" But no answer came. Frisco wasn't there.

Horrified, Clem mentally compared the opening in the window with Frisco's girth. "He couldn't!" he muttered hopefully. But he had. He had squeezed out and was gone.

"Here, Frisco!" Clem yelled. "Here, boy! Come on! Let's go! Go, Frisco!" Whistle, whistle, whistle. No Frisco.

He started a tour of the block, feeling conspicuous as he tore around a strange town, yelling for an invisible dog. Anyway, he hadn't time to do it. He had to get back and file that paper . . .

Please turn to page 4

"When a dog runs away," Clem airily telephoned Connie, "the owner is supposed to come and get him."

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FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

Fate With Long Ears

Continued from page 3

At last he gave up the hunt. He'd drive down to-morrow and find the dog if it meant calling out the Marines. It took him a couple of extra blocks to find his car. Giving one last hopeful glance at the back seat—he had left the doors open—and one last whistle, he waited a second, then he slammed the door and drove off.

He hadn't any too much time left to get the thing in. If he didn't get to the office of the clerk of the court by five it would be closed. But this was not Clem's lucky day, for he hadn't been driving along very far before he heard a familiar sound. With a sinking feeling he pulled up at the side of the road at the behest of a tough-looking policeman on a motor cycle.

"I've got to file a paper before five o'clock!" Clem said desperately.

"Have, huh?" the cop said, taking his time, getting out his book. He wrote slowly, carefully, the way they do in the fourth grade. "Well," he said, "you can file this while you're at it. The President asks us to keep a speed limit of thirty-five miles an hour—and that means you, too!"

"Okay, hand it over!" Clem said. Just then Frisco slid over from the back seat and began to bark furiously at the cop.

Clem clamped a rough hand down on his muzzle and shifted into low.

"Now—how—in——" Clem asked Frisco, "did you get here?"

Frisco looked tremendously interested, as if saying, "How? Tell me!" Clem shoved him away disgustedly.

When he got to the clerk's office, it was locked and dark. Clem went and flung himself into the car and drove to the Gordons' in a rage.

"Here," he said when Connie came to the door. "Take this thing and keep him out of my sight. He's cost me time, mental anguish, a speeding ticket, and possibly my job!"

Frisco retired under the sofa and growled softly to himself.

Connie, who had thought tenderly of Clem all the time she was with Bob Shropshire, looked astonished and hurt, and said coolly that she thought maybe he'd better calm down and explain.

He did, in pithy and explicit terms, while Connie gradually retreated into a corner. Then he turned away bitterly.

"Wait!" Connie said as he opened the door. "Now, Clem, please try to get unworked up. I'm awfully sorry, and it's all Frisco's fault, but I didn't do anything."

"I know it," he said glumly, already beginning to regret his outburst.

"Now, listen. Daddy knows the clerk of the court, or whatever he is, and I remember once he made him come down and open up for something. I'll call him and see if he can't do it again. He's still at his office. Now you wait."

She rushed to the phone. She explained rapidly, and said, "Now, Daddy, please. It's dreadfully important, and it was Frisco's fault, and you've got to." Mr. Gordon, judging from Connie's end of the conversation, wasn't particularly enthusiastic, but he said he'd see and call back. Clem held Connie's hand and said he was sorry.

Then the phone rang, and Mr. Gordon said to meet him at the clerk's office right away.

They got there in such a rush that Mr. Gordon and the other man weren't there yet.

"I'll just call my place while we're waiting," Clem said, "and tell Dora where I am."

When he got his apartment, Dora, the colored girl who cooked for him, said Mr. Branscomb, his boss, had been calling him.

"He say call him," Dora said. "He sound mad."

So Clem called Mr. Branscomb, who informed him sarcastically that he had picked up the wrong paper, and that Craig Connelly, who couldn't find him, had had to drive up from Centerville and file the demurrer himself; and that what Clem had was a set of interrogatories that had to be filed in Centerville to-morrow.

Mr. Branscomb said he supposed Clem had had business of his own that was more important than that of Branscomb and Hart, and where in tarnation had he been?

"I'll tell you in the morning," Clem said, and hung up. He was staring incredulously at what was undoubtedly a set of interrogatories in a case he'd never heard of when Mr. Gordon and Mr. Besker, the clerk of the court, came in.

"Well, Murdock," Mr. Gordon said, "the Marines to the rescue. Let's have that paper."

Clem gulped miserably. "Uh—I—" he began. "They—Connelly's already filed it," he blurted out at last.

"What!" said Mr. Gordon.

"I—just talked to Mr. Branscomb. I picked up the wrong paper and Connelly had to — gosh, I'm sorry. It was awfully good of you to take all this trouble, and—you, too, Mr. Besker."

Mr. Besker was simmering slowly, but Mr. Gordon burned in a hurry. He thought it was pretty raw when young fools didn't bother to look inside a document, and old fools, too, like Branscomb, getting people away from their dinners—putting people to a lot of trouble for nothing—and so on.

Then he stalked out, saying, "Come on, Constance."

But Connie wanted to have her say, too. "So," she said. "I have a half-witted dog who ruins your life. I'm the cause of your troubles. It's about time you learned not to make simple mistakes and have the whole countryside out trying to help you, when you don't need it, and—"

"I made a stupid mistake. I'm sorry," Clem said angrily. "I can't do anything about it now if you yell at me all night!"

"I think you have the worst disposition I've ever seen!" Connie said. "Goodnight!" She ran after her father.

"Goodnight!" Clem said. He came out of the building and found her standing at the kerb; her father had included her in his category of lunatics and left the two of them to go home together.

They didn't talk any more. At Connie's house he marched beside her to her door, then went back to his car and sat there feeling horrible. "Good-bye!" Connie had said as she slammed the door. Not good-night, but good-bye.

He sighed and sent a dismal glance toward the house. There was Frisco on the porch, a black shape under the light. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Here, Frisco!" he called softly. "Want a ride?"

Frisco came half-way, and stopped.

"Oh, you fool!" Clem muttered.

Swiftly he changed tactics. Leaving the car door temptingly open, he commanded sternly, "Go home, Frisco!" and walked behind the car and pretended to inspect the tyres. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a barely visible shape slide noiselessly into his car.

Clem was sitting in his living room, after eating hardly anything, with Frisco, full of steak, beside him.

The phone rang, and Frisco found himself rolling on the floor as his host sprang to answer.

"Clem?" Connie's voice said, in a tone of tentative politeness. "I can't find Frisco."

"No?" said Clem, lounging back in an easy chair and preparing to enjoy himself. "Why, that's too bad. Did you offer a reward?"

"How could I when I just missed him?" she said in exasperation. "Oh, dear, I thought surely he went with you."

"He did."

There was a long silence. Frisco had clambered up on the chair and was pawing Clem's shoulder affectionately. Then Connie said, "Well?"

Clem didn't say anything.

She waited a moment, and then said: "Aren't you going to bring him back?"

"When a dog runs away," Clem said airily, "the owner is supposed to come and get him."

"Clem, are you crazy?"

"I'll admit I was this afternoon, slightly, but I'm not now. And," he added significantly, "I wasn't this morning, either."

Silence at the other end of the line.

"I'd just as soon keep him, anyhow," Clem said. "When I was so worried about him, I found out I was fond of the mental midget. I guess I'm getting conditioned to Frisco . . ."

"How interesting," said Connie.

"I lost my appetite," Clem said. "Frisco got up and ate my dinner for me."

"At the table? I don't let people feed him at the table."

"Then he slept on the sofa."

"But I don't allow him to get on the furniture!"

"Every now and then he chews the rug."

"Clem, stop him! I had the worst time breaking him of that!"

"Oh, it's just an old rug," Clem said. "I guess you'd better come get him, though, because after he's been with me a few days his training, what there is of it, will come undone, and—"

"Clem!"

"Are you coming?" he asked hopefully.

"No!" There was another long silence, and then she said, "Oh, Clem!" and hung up.

He stood by the phone a minute, considering the tone of that "Oh, Clem!" She was coming all right.

He sat and waited, feeling a slight nervous reaction to his high-handed methods. Frisco leaned against him companionably.

"There's a very simple solution to you!" he said. "I can't have you bringing strange men into the house. But we'll let that wait until we're married. Then," he added, listening for the doorbell, "we'll put a bell on you, my fine fellow."

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COMMON PEOPLE

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By A. E. MARTIN

PEL PELHAM, sprunker, launches a novelty fasting act by the showman, HENRI SAPOLIO, but on the eve of the fast, when Sapolio and his wife MARIE are giving a party, RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, is found murdered in the flat below.

Rena was in love with SALVI, sword-walker in her father's circus, but ran away with a strange man after seeing Salvi making love to ESTELLE, the "armless wonder."

The surly DETECTIVE RORKE, investigating the case with DETECTIVE LINLEY, suspects Pel of the murder because he saw him visiting Rena. Actually Pel, who had worked with Maroni's circus in the past, discovered that Rena was blackmailing his friend, SKIN ROGERS, and was trying to persuade her to leave Rogers alone and return to her father's circus.

Suspicion also falls on others of the party guests, including Salvi, while the detectives are searching anxiously for the missing key to Rena's flat.

It was actually found by Pel the night of the party, but when he arranges a "plant" at his own home, hoping to trap the criminal, BELLA, a "tattooed lady," who was at the party, sneaks in and steals the key he has "planted." He interviews her and Salvi, appealing to them to tell what they know of the key and the murder. Salvi eventually admits that he went to Rena's flat, but without knowing whose it was, as he went there to kill a man.

Now read on:

No one moved. At last Bella said in a whisper, "To kill a man?"

Pel said: "Who was the man?"

Salvi raised blazing eyes. He finished his drink at a gulp and sat rolling the glass between his hands with savage intensity.

"That's it," he said. "I don't know."

Pel was incredulous. "You don't know?"

"I don't know," Salvi reiterated. He got to his feet. "But I'll find him," he cried. "Somewhere I'll find him, and, when I do, by heaven I'll smash him—into pulp—like that." He threw the tumbler he was holding on to the mat upon which he stood and brought his bare foot down upon it, pounding the glass to powder."

Bella cried: "Salvi. Don't look like that."

"Take it easy," Pel said. "Don't talk so loudly, anyway."

Salvi looked from one to the other in a bewildered fashion. He sat down on the bed and clawed his head with his hands. "Well," he said, looking fiercely at Pel, "You asked for it. Now what?"

"Now," said Pel calmly, "if you want we can go into a huddle. We might be able to help each other. If you don't know this feller you wanted to kill, what made you go there?"

Salvi hesitated. "I had his address," he said at length. "At least, I had the address where I expected to find him. I can't tell you why I went. Not yet."

"Tell it your own way," Pel said.

And Salvi did . . .

Salvi knocked at the door of the apartment on the first floor of Pimlico Flats. It was mid-afternoon. A voice called "Come in." The door was a little ajar and he pushed it open and entered. Rena Maroni was writing at a table. She had a penny bottle of ink and a cheap pad, and she didn't immediately look up. Her back was to him and he did not recognise her till she turned. When she did her face flushed.

"Rena!" Salvi exclaimed, surprised.

She rose. "What do you want here?" Her voice was harsh. "How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't," he said.

"Then why have you come?"

He shut the door behind him and came towards her. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"That's my business."

"And mine, maybe," he said.

She laughed bitterly. "Run away, Salvi," she said. "You're kidding yourself."

"Where's your man?"

She lit a cigarette and blew some smoke towards him.

"Listen, feller," she said, "I made a fool of myself over you once. And once is plenty. But you're out and you stay out. As far as I'm concerned you're buried three feet deep and there's a marble slab over you. Go away. Swoon into the arms—run away with Estelle. As far as I'm concerned you don't exist. What I do with my life is my own affair.

"Now get the heck out of here. Go jump in a lake."

Salvi pulled a chair to him, straddled it, and, leaning on its back, said: "You think I'm jealous, don't you—that I've come here looking for you? That I can't bear the thought of you being with someone else? Well, you're wrong, see. I don't care who you're with or what you do. I didn't come here to see you. I came to see the man who's living here with you."

"There's no one living here with me," she said, and Salvi laughed.

"I see," he said. "He just has his letters addressed here, is that it?"

Rena flushed.

"You don't have to tell *me more* than where he is or when he'll be here," Salvi said. "I've some business with him."

She was silent for a little time; then she asked quietly: "What sort of business?"

"I've got to settle a debt."

"I see," she said. "Paying off old scores. What did he do? Run away with your wife—or something?"

Salvi ignored her sarcasm. "Worse than that. The man I mean is worse than that."

He jumped up. "You listen to me, Rena. What I've got to see this chap about is nothing to do with you or any other woman. When I meet him it's going to be nasty. I can't drag you into this thing, but I can't just let things be—just because you're in love with him."

"Oh, shut up, shut up," she cried. "Who told you I was in love with anyone?"

He was surprised. "Why——" he began.

"Why, why," she went on, exasperated. "As far as I'm concerned you can do what you please with him and the sooner the better. You can lay him on the rails and let a tram run over him. I don't want him."

"I see," Salvi said, slowly. "I'm sorry, Rena. But why's he sticking round?"

"Sometimes," she said, "you start something you can't finish."

He said after a bit: "This bird's pretty foul."

She didn't look at him. "I know it," she said. "I've learned that. I didn't know it all the time."

"I bet you don't know just how foul," he said. "I wish I could tell you."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"You wouldn't warn him?"

She laughed at that. "I only want to be rid of him."

Salvi said: "I don't think you understand, Rena." Very quietly he added: "I came here to kill him." He lifted his coat and showed her the dagger at his belt. He took it out and turned it idly in his fingers.

"Salvi, you're mad."

"No, I'm not mad."

"What has he done to you?"

"I told you it was foul."

She hesitated a moment, then she said falteringly: "Was it — blackmail?"

He looked at her swiftly. "What makes you say that? How did you know?"

"I didn't. I—just guessed."

"Yes," he admitted. "Blackmail. That was only the beginning. It's a terrible thing to bleed a man, to make him live day after day, year after year in torment. That's what he did. And just as surely as if he'd taken a man by the throat and strangled him or shot him dead in cold blood or poisoned him deliberately he—this man I want—committed murder."

He put the dagger into its sheath and slid it round the belt of his trousers. "That's why I'm going to kill him."

"Salvi," she whispered. "You may be wrong. You might be mistaken."

He looked directly at her.

"No lies," he said. "His name's Gregory, isn't it?"

She nodded. "But, Salvi, for heaven's sake think of yourself."

"I'll look after myself."

Please turn to page 18

"Let me go! I—I'm in a hurry," protested the Professor, wriggling in Rorke's grasp.

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He wanted to play his own game in his own way, but the squadron-leader was a stickler for teamwork.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

BONNELL LOWTHER was cold and trembling under a gummy film of perspiration. He took in another notch in his chin strap, cupped the headphones down closer over his ears and heard Squadron-Leader Burgin answer the Intelligence man at the advanced spotter station.

"Messerschmitts at twenty-five thousand plus," the duty officer's voice came over the radio. "Check over Number Three kite, due S.E." The duty officer's tone was bored. Lowther wondered if he knew the Spitfires of No. 65 had been ordered to get a new 109-F, or how they expected to get away with it.

"All right, Red Squadron," Burgin's voice grated into their earphones. "A Section on top for Javelin attack. No chasing them across the Ditch. I'll concentrate on the One-oh-nine-F"

The shackles were off. It reminded Lowther of that sunny afternoon at Wimbledon two summers before when the referee was chanting, "Five games, love. Mr. Lowther's service!"

He remembered rushing up to the baseline of the centre court before young Fairburn could take time to wipe his forehead at the referee's stand. It was singles, and you won off your own bat. You didn't have to rely on anyone. You go out and win on your own. That was what he liked about Spits. You're on your own.

Lowther frowned at the memory of all that. He argued with himself about the 109-F business, and wondered why it was so important. The report of the new German fighter had resulted in the usual number of ridiculous rumors. It was superfast. It might carry a fixed tail gun. The brass hats were all flapped up about it.

Burgin had devised the Javelin formation to assure their getting one. Burgin had also decided on the tailing business, explaining that an experienced leader should recognise the 109-F quicker than anyone else, and if he had to concentrate on their getting one particular machine from a raiding formation he was entitled to a certain amount of personal protection.

That was Burgin all over. Burgin and his teamwork dogma. Burgin, veteran of Dunkirk, twice decorated but still only a squadron-leader. The chap couldn't have much push.

They spotted the Jerry formation coming in over Southend. Burgin swung south and his manoeuvre swung the Spitter formation around so that Lowther, flying No. 2, could see the Jerries better. There was a double line of two-engined Me-110's on top and the Heinkel bombers were huddling below in what appeared to be a circular formation.

Lowther's headphones jangled. "We'll take the fighters above first, in line astern," Burgin ordered. "Take one each and then double up, lads. You tail me, Lowther!"

That meant that if anything happened to Burgin Lowther was to take over and try to snaffle the Jerry Burgin had been kiting after.

He revolted at the repeat of the order. Why had Burgin selected him for his rudder racer? After all, he'd put in two months outside of the reserve mob. He'd been blooded on a slack old Dornier two days after he'd joined the section.

Now he'd been moved up to No. 2 in A Section, given his first full row of braid and told off to tail the S.-L. All because the brass hats wanted a 109-F.

Yelvertoft in B Section was clowning again. Yelvertoft was a craggy Canadian who gloried in all this. He had eyes like the curve of a protractor, and was always reciting ribald limericks about Lord Haw-Haw.

"One of these days, Yelvertoft," Burgin was saying, "the wing-commander will take you on a ground strafe over Rotterdam!"

"Trust him not, O gentle maiden!" sang Yelvertoft in a squeaky falsetto voice. "Have you heard the one about the bow-legged air-marshal?"

"Stow it! Your last one got on the teleprinter by mistake. They even tried to decode it," warned Burgin.

"Golly! I wonder what they made of——" began young Drage, but Burgin gave them the fist and they went into the scramble.

The fighters looked like giant hornets. The Spitters slammed after them and stirred up a mad stew of metal, sky, and exhaust smoke.

Lowther brought his wing tip up closer to Burgin's tail and hung on. He watched the squadron-leader draw a bead on a two-seater Jaguar's tail. There was a dull splash of saffron flame and the Jaguar threw a portion of wing panel away and something dragging a green parachute went fluttering after it.

"Watch that swine cutting across at you, Stackpole!" Burgin warned a C Section man.

Lowther peered around cautiously and wondered how Burgin saw so much and did so much at the same time.

"Tail me, Lowther! Hang on, man! I've got one—over there! That blighter with the rounded wing tips! Tail me, Lowther!"

"It is different," Lowther grudgingly agreed.

The S.-L. carried him through the pack, swung over hard and belted after the slate-grey Mess-up that flaunted a spearhead insignia. Lowther saw the two air scoops under the wings, too. It had no external tail-supporting struts, either.

He followed closely and blundered into a bolster of slip stream from Burgin's prop. He swore and ruddered hard, over-controlled and came out with his sight full on a Heinkel that had been driven out of the formation by one of B Section's pilots. Lowther pressed the button and his Spitter recoiled against the savage storming of his eight-gun broadside. He punched his throttle and screamed up over the enemy's aft gun-turret as the bomber began to wobble.

He came around on his port wing tip and watched it screwing about in an effort to get back into position.

"No, you don't!" he fumed, pressing the top rudder to hold her nose up.

He went at her again, pressing off three smart squirts that made the Heinkel wrench around and shake its great head. It coughed a few trickles of hairy smoke and nosed down into a cloud bank. A burning Spitfire followed it, and Lowther gasped as he saw it was marked "FZ-B."

That was Burgin's kite! That was the S.-L. going down with the draft open. The Jerry had flamed Burgin—Burgin, the squadron-leader!

Realisation beat into Lowther's frame with cruel impact. "I didn't mean to," he started to blubber. "I hung on as long as I could. It was bad luck—for me," he argued with himself. "Still, I think I got that Heinkel!"

He shook his head and wondered if the others had heard him over his radio. He tried to find a trace of Burgin's smoke scarf and wandered impotently through the rest of the fray, popping off at Jaguars and Heinkels, mainly to blot out an insistent thump in his skull that was saying, "You got a bomber, but Burgin went down in flames."

It all ended as quickly as it began. The fighters and bombers were heading back across the Ditch now and Lowther felt he was hugging something explosive with a very short fuse. What was worse, he found himself leading the squadron back to Biggleswade and wondered how he got there.

"I don't deserve this," he muttered to himself, making sure his flap mike was switched off. "I didn't ask for this. I'm trying to play the game. Why was I made responsible for Burgin? Why was I ordered to tail him? They can't tear a strip off me for this!"

The aircraftmen were out waiting for them as the Spitters ran in. Lowther tried to ignore the inquiring stares of the mechanics as they pressed forward, each pleading in his own silent manner for news of Burgin. Doyle, the senior adjutant, stood in the doorway of the dispersal hut and then started directly for Lowther.

"What happened?" Doyle asked, as if he didn't already know.

Then there was Keynes, the tubby chap who acted as Intelligence. He was trying to peer over Doyle's shoulder.

"I don't know what happened," snapped Lowther, shouldering past them into the briefing room. "I tried to tail him, but he got away and I had a go at a Heinkel."

"Were you ordered to tail him?" bleated Keynes. "All we got was the business of going after a One-oh-nine-F. Did he get it?"

"I don't know. I tried to hold on, but he was jinking all over the sky. You can't tail a blasted rocket!"

Lowther stopped, his jaw hanging. He knew he shouldn't have mentioned a rocket, but that was how Burgin went down. He stared about the hut. The others were in a half-circle, peering at him, puzzled and uncertain. He could just make them out in the dull light through the mist of his fury and doubt.

There was Yelvertoft, Jinker Lawrence, Mays, Delafield, Croft, and Wingo Hart. He knew all these chaps. They'd come up from gunnery school with him and yet they acted like strangers. There was Berry and Helders he'd known at Cambridge. Stackpole and Turczynowicz, the Pole, who flew like something clipped out of a cartoon.

Lowther swallowed hard and wished he hadn't mentioned the rocket.

Turkey-nose, the Pole, tried to break it up, but his English failed him and Doyle began handing out combat reports. The new chaps were sitting down dutifully before the Intelligence fellows to give verbal reports on what they'd seen and tried to do.

Lowther sucked his pencil. "Did you see the Heinkel I squirted?" he demanded of Yelvertoft.

"Of course! A One-eleven-K model with a Chamberlain-umbrella design on his nose. Any question about it?"

"No. I just wanted to make sure I did something right. Heinkel One-eleven-K, eh? Thanks."

"You got it, Lowther," called Doyle. "We got it on the teleprinter. Down in a duck puddle outside Billericay."

"And there he was, deep in the duck puddle," mimicked Jinker Lawrence in a ghostly voice, "and . . . no . . . pontoons!"

"Take that man's number!" boomed Yelvertoft, chesting up and down like a sergeant-major. "Charge: Alighting on duck puddle. Mark One hundred and eleven, without first fitting regulation pontoons!"

The game was on again. They were trying to dispel the gloom created by the loss of Burgin. Lowther twisted around and tried to become part of it, but there was no humor in his spirit. He rearranged their words and found himself mouthing phrases they had never uttered. He whanged around, and Doyle got to him just in time.

"Take it easy, Lowther! Keep buttoned up!"

"I'm not asking any favors," said

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Lowther tried to ignore the inquiring stares of the mechanics, each pleading for news of Burgin.

Lowther, warming up. "I tried to stay with him. I played the game as far as I could."

"Will you stop shooting a line?" asked Yelvertoft.

"What the matter is?" said Turkey-nose. "I no understand."

"Why don't they tell me what they actually think instead of peeling off about duck puddles? They think I let Burgin down. I didn't mean to let him down. I went haring off after a Heinkel. No, he slid into my sights and I reacted—a deflection shot!"

"All right!" said Doyle. "Then couldn't it have been a deflection shot that got Burgin?"

"No one can stop a deflection shot, Lowther," Yelvertoft added. "They just happen. Law of compensation. One bloke lets it go and another poor devil stops it."

"Why did he have to sign me to tail him?" screamed Lowther.

"It was a Javelin do, wasn't it? Someone has to tail the leader when he's out for a new hulk," Yelvertoft said calmly. "How would you like to be the leader and get no backing up? He's responsible for the whole squadron. The tail bloke is only responsible for one man."

Lowther's nerves were snapping.

"Well, I told you," he grated, "I went after a Heinkel. I didn't tail him, that's all!"

"Do you mean to say," Yelvertoft demanded, stepping up closer, "that you deliberately let Burgin go—to get a Jerry? You sacrificed Burgin for a beastly——"

And because he was Lowther and because he was still playing the singles game, he lied.

"You're right I did!" he flamed up. "And I'll do it again! I'm going to see that I get as much out of this war as the next man!"

"Lowther, you rotter!" young Yelvertoft charged. "Poor Burgin was only carrying out orders to get a One-oh-nine-F. The least you can do is to carry your weight."

"From now on I play my game in my own way! I'm not tailing anyone after this!"

"Has it ever occurred to you, Lowther, that you may never get the chance again?" retorted Yelvertoft.

Back in his cubicle, Lowther tried to fathom young Yelvertoft and why he had picked him up on that Jerry business. He'd never seen Yelvertoft like that before. He wished he hadn't lied and said he had deliberately chucked Burgin. Why did he always take that ridiculous attitude when they had him cornered?

Yelvertoft had said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Lowther, that you may never get the chance again?"

Now what the deuce did he mean by that? Of course he'd get another chance. They'd see to it that he was tail man every time after this mess!

There was a discreet tap on the door. Lowther waited for Burgin to answer, and then realised that Burgin was no longer here. Burgin's greatcoat hung on the door. His shoes and goloshes were still at the foot of his cot where he had left them. Then for the first time Lowther remembered that he had been Burgin's room-mate for several weeks. And he resented the duty that would be his in seeing that Burgin's kit was packed up and suitable letters written.

He wondered why Burgin had selected him for his room-mate. He stared about the room again and kicked at Burgin's goloshes.

"Come in!" he growled.

It was the orderly sergeant. He clicked his heels. "Message through from wing, sir. They have Squadron-Leader Burgin in dock at the Lavenham Cottage Hospital. The commander wishes you to run over and see him."

"Burgin? He's down . . . safe?" Lowther whispered.

"That's the report, sir. There'll be a car in half an hour."

"Is he all right, sergeant?"

"I have no idea, sir. I sincerely hope so. He'll be hard to replace, won't he, sir?" The sergeant gave a sidelong glance.

"Replace? Of course—er—it's the wing-commander's orders?"

"Yes, sir. Half an hour, then?"

Lowther wished he had a bottle of brandy. That might soften it a little. He knew what Burgin wanted. He was going to use his extra ring of braid to wield the lash. A man coming back from the grave to demand restitution.

Or perhaps he had a third-degree frizzle and he hadn't long to go. He had asked to see his tail man—the tail man who had chucked him—before he went out. That was a pleasant prospect.

He wished he could get Yelvertoft to go with him. But young Yelvertoft was all flapped up about that tailing business. Besides, Yelvertoft would be playing Rugger with the mechanics. They had a match on with No. 28 this afternoon. That was Yelvertoft. Always for games like that. The men all loved Yelvertoft. Curse Yelvertoft!

. . . . . .

The cottage hospital was a rambling, thatched-roof affair. A V.A.D. nurse, rustling with starch, saw Lowther coming.

"Good afternoon," she smiled.

"Good afternoon. Have you Squadron-Leader Burgin here?"

"Oh, yes. I'll see if he's available."

She was off up the stairs. Lowther glared at a metal rack on the wall that bore the names and bed locations of the various patients. He couldn't find Burgin's name, and wondered if that had any special significance.

"The squadron-leader will see you now," the nurse said from the top of the stairs. "This way, please."

Lowther folded his forage cap carefully and stuck it in his pocket. He caught himself making sure his belt was neatly buckled and his buttons aligned.

"In there, please," the V.A.D. said without appearing to move her lips.

"Hello, Lowther!" a muffled voice came through the doorway. "I'm glad you came."

Lowther was startled by the sound of Burgin's voice. He glanced at the nurse and whispered, "Is he all right?"

"All right? Oh, he'll come along. Go right in."

Burgin was sitting on the edge of a black enamelled iron cot, a muffled figure swathed in bandages. Lowther was numb with uncertainty. He stood hunched in the doorway, steeling himself for the bitter accusations.

"Come in! Come in, Lowther, old man!" Burgin's voice came through a mask of bandages. "I'm getting a beauty treatment."

Lowther was suspicious. He couldn't find words, so he moved closer slowly. "But she said—that is, I thought you were all right. You're burned!"

"Looks worse than it feels."

"I'm terribly sorry, Burgin! It was all my fault."

"Your fault? What do you mean, man?"

"You see," Lowther stumbled on, "I hung on for a time and then I got in too close and caught your slip stream. I tried to hang on."

"You did, too. Nice tailing. I could see you in the retrospect mirror. Gives a chap a nice feeling, I can tell you, Lowther."

That was Burgin saying that. Burgin said it was good tailing.

Lowther went on. "When I was blown off I came out with my sights dead on a Heinkel. I'll be frank. I just chucked you and went popping after him."

"That's all right. He came down after me and piled up in a pond somewhere. Coo! A beastly smash. You got a confirmation, didn't you?"

"Right in a duck puddle! No pontoons—er—that's what Yelvertoft said."

"Balmy bloke, Yelvertoft, but a good 'un," nodded Burgin.

"But I shouldn't have chucked you," Lowther muttered. "Doyle thinks it was a deflection shot."

"Nothing of the sort. It was my supercharger. The impeller vane went out; ripped the casing to bits and evidently took out the fuel line. The whole blasted lot went up—like a rocket!"

"Supercharger? You didn't——" Lowther gasped.

"Of course. You know what these things can do, whanging around at that speed. There wasn't a Jerry slug in the hulk anywhere."

Lowther managed a wheezy whistle. "May I sit down?"

"Rather! Here . . . What's wrong, man?"

Lowther dithered with the back of the chair and tried to interpret Burgin's expression through the triangles left by the bandages. "Is that—is that all you had me come here for?" he asked faintly.

THERE was a pause, then Burgin went on slowly: "Well, no. I wanted to talk to you before you took over. We've got to get one of those One-oh-nine-F's, you know."

"Took over?"

"Of course! You're senior man in A Section and the commander has been relying on me to bring you along. It's a bit unusual, I know, but they're making you a temporary squadron-leader on my say-so."

Lowther's mind steeplechased through the events of the past few hours. Was this Burgin's way of getting even? Was this what young Yelvertoft meant when he said——

"You saw that new Mess-up, didn't you?" Burgin went on.

"I saw the one you went after. I was with you up to that time."

"You saw those rounded wing tips and the new tail—no external struts. We've got to get one for silhouettes to help the spotters. Those chaps mustn't make mistakes, you know."

"But I'm not senior section leader, am I?" protested Lowther.

"We've got to find her blind spots and where she's armored. It's important, Lowther. You saw her!"

"But our chaps won't stand for me, Burgin. They think——"

"I don't care what they think. They're a good lot. They won't let you down. They know teamwork, Lowther."

"But Micky Helders and — and Yelvertoft?"

"Helders and Yelvertoft will never make leaders. They're too popular with the mob. You're the chap, Lowther. Proper amount of reserve. You haven't made any particular pals. Let them make a pal of you. They won't let you down, because they have pride in that sort of accomplishment. They'll glory in it—to themselves. See what I mean?"

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DO YOU KNOW?

JAVANESE TEETH were filed down as a ceremonial rite, in order to pay homage to the Prophet Mahommed, who is said to have had teeth filed in this manner. Mahommed also commanded his followers: "You shall clean your mouth, for this is a means of praising God".

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INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Tailing Tactics

Continued from page 7

LOWTHER was mentally pawing the air. "Does this mean that you are — are through? You'll come back, won't you?"

"Me? Of course! I'll be back some day soon, but in the meantime you've got to get a One-oh-nine-F. That's your job. Now you can——"

"Now I have the job of telling someone to tail me, you mean."

"We always have to make sure we leave someone to fill our places. I've nominated you. You tailed me right so far. Now go and tail that One-oh-nine-F."

"Yes, sir!" said Lowther, not knowing why he suddenly had respect for Burgin's rank.

He drove back wondering how much the others knew about his being given Burgin's command, and how they would take it. The first person he ran into was Yelvertoft. "How is he?" the Canadian demanded.

"Burgin's all right, as much as I could see."

"What happened?"

"He said it was his supercharger. Said it blew out and torched him. I couldn't tell. He was all bandaged up and he said he was just burned. Even his hands were bandaged!"

The alert speaker on a pole behind them began to clear its throat.

"Attention, please! Red Squadron to readiness immediately!"

"That's us," grinned Yelvertoft. "Your first show, Lowther!"

"Am I up—in orders?"

"Doyle told us. Come on, man!"

"Wait a minute!" Lowther grabbed Yelvertoft's shoulder. "I want it straight! How do you feel about this?"

"Me? If Burgin said that, I believe him. Come on, man; they're revving up!"

Yelvertoft raced for his hut.

Lowther's batman met him with his kit open and ready to jump into. "I'm bloomin' glad, sir. We're all with you, you know, sir."

"Thanks!" said Lowther, snapping his crotch straps. "Tell the men that Burgin — Squadron-Leader Burgin —is all right. Tell them he's a fine chap. You won't forget that, will you?"

"That I won't, sir! Best of luck on your scramble, sir."

The alert speaker was rasping again as he tore out. A car came up, wrenched to a stop, and he clambered on the running board. A heavy hand slapped him across the shoulders and Mickey Helders yelled something gratifying.

Turkey-nose beamed and cried, "Not properly dressed!" and pointed to Lowther's double row of braid on his shoulder-straps.

The car slowed up and Lowther dropped off and slithered under the wing of his Spitter. A flight-sergeant saluted and yelled in his ear, "Best of luck, sir!"

The speaker ranted again, "Attack alarm! Attack alarm! Red Squadron scramble immediately! Black Squadron and reserves stand by!"

Lowther waved to his crew and ran the Spitfire out into the clear. He waited until the others were out behind him, and then stuck his clenched fist high above the top of his greenhouse. In three minutes he reported to the duty officer, "Red Squadron air-borne."

The Spitters climbed and sought the indicating Archie bursts. The batteries were bracketing on a box formation of Dorniers.

Lowther stared up into his retrospect mirror and saw that Yelvertoft had taken up a position behind his starboard elevator. He wondered about that. Yelvertoft was supposed to be in B Section. He must have switched with Jinker Lawrence.

He vetted the bombers and tried to count the fighters. He caught himself mouthing Burgin's words, "All right, Red Squadron. A Section on top for Javelin attack. No chasing them across the Ditch. I'll concentrate on the One-oh-nine-F —if I find one."

Then he clenched his teeth. There was another order to give, and he hated to give it. This was what young Yelvertoft meant. He rubbed his tongue over his parched lips. Then he stiffened. That was Yelvertoft's voice!

"Go ahead, Lowther! I'll tail you, kid!"

Lowther looked up into the retrospect mirror at Yelvertoft's Spitfire. He'd swear the kid was holding his gloved hand in salute.

"Thanks, Yelvertoft. Tail me — please!"

Lowther brought them around just as Burgin had done and came up from behind and above. The Dorniers were blanketed with an upper and lower layer of fighters. He searched them carefully for rounded wing tips and cantilever tails.

They were knifing through the upper layer before he spotted a spearhead insignia. It was daubed on a fighter that was leading the diamond formation below.

"Take one each and then double up," he ordered. "Please tail me, Yelvertoft. We've got to go through to the lower bank. There's only one here."

"Go ahead, Lowther! I'm tailing you!" Yelvertoft yelled. Then he sang, "Shall I be an angel, daddy? an a-a-angel in the sky?"

Lowther slammed through and pounded after the diamond formation of Messerschmitts.

He sensed they were taking no chances with that 109-F up front. The swine was covered from every angle now.

"Stay with me, Yelvertoft," pleaded Lowther. "I've got to get that leader bloke out. That's a One-oh-nine-F. That's what Burgin was after."

"Wrap him up for Christmas, kid! I'm tailing you!"

The front-point Messerschmitt wriggled and tried to get under a second-rank man. Lowther let the covering ship have a three-second burst, and it slithered away and left the 109-F in the clear again. Yelvertoft was skating back and forth over his rudder post and blanking out the fire of two attackers.

Lowther moved over carefully and tried to get at the 109-F again. His five-second burst tracered past the wing tip, and the Mess-up darted out of position and floundered drunkenly outside the formation.

"Don't lose him now!" Yelvertoft called.

"I won't! Nice tailing, Yelvertoft! Stick with me, kid!"

Two Messerschmitts were packing it to the young Canadian, but he just sat and treadled his rudder and fanned back and forth behind his leader. Lowther sat tight, drew another careful bead on the Messerschmitt and tipped the button for a three-second burst.

The 109-F floundered and wallowed into a sideslip. The two Spitters screamed over as it came up slowly out of a tail-fluttering wobble. They saw the underside flash in the sun, the two banjo eyes of the wheel wells open in frenzied pain, and the unwritten law of surrender was run up.

The Jerry had chucked it. He had broken out the final signal of defeat and surrender. He had decided not to risk the silk. He was going down for a forced landing. His wheels were down.

"Keep him out, Lowther!" Yelvertoft called. "Stick with him all the way down!"

They held their position and shooed the Nazi well out of the fray and made certain he was not trying to clear again. Lowther looked up into his mirror and saw daylight through Yelvertoft's wings. Then he realised what the kid had been taking to cover him. "Go ahead, Yelvertoft. He's yours. You seem to have stopped a few yourself. You tail him now. I'm going back upstairs to take my squadron home."

"Yes, sir!" said young Yelvertoft, who knew they had a new squadron-leader.

"Thanks for tailing me, Yelvertoft. Nice teamwork, lad!"

"You'll do," replied Yelvertoft.

(Copyright)

THE VERSATILE WOOL-BALE—

Plays a war-time role

We all know the wool bale's peacetime role is supplying us with suitings, underwear, blankets, floor coverings and hundreds of peacetime comforts.

But now the wool bale helps to clothe and equip Australia's fighting forces.

Because of the urgency of defence requirements, peacetime deliveries of Feltex are no longer possible, so to-day we ask you to take care of your

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Movie World

● *Pretty MGM actress, Virginia Grey, was born in Hollywood and reared in the atmosphere of the film world. At nine she was playing small roles and studying dancing, and her first screen success was as one of the glorified beauties in "The Great Ziegfeld." Virginia lives with her family in a glorious old home, where they have a huge victory garden. She recently returned from a very successful tour entertaining the troops, and is a regular hostess at the Hollywood canteen.*

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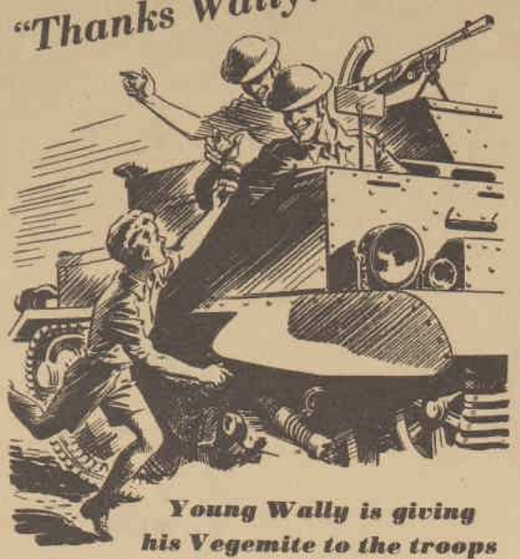
"Thanks Wally!"



Young Wally is giving his Vegemite to the troops

It may seem strange, but if you and your family use less Vegemite, you are actually helping the War Effort. Vegemite is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B^1, B^2, and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor). These three vitamins are essential to physical fitness — that is why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas. So, if you notice less Vegemite in your local shop, just remember that until we have won this war, a lot of Vegemite will be going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia along the road to victory.

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Dept. A66, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.
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Please write name and address in block letters.

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Hitler's Children

1 IN GERMANY young American, Anna (Bonita Granville), loves Gestapo lieutenant, Karl (Tim Holt).

2 DESPITE American citizenship, Anna is sent to concentration camp, and efforts to trace her are futile.

3 HORRIFIED at German methods, Anna escapes and finds refuge with Bishop (H. B. Warner).

Factual story of Nazi regime

ONE of the most sensational factual books of the day, "Education for Death," by Gregor Ziemer, comes to the screen in RKO's "Hitler's Children."

The film gives an authentic account of what happens to boys and girls who refuse to embrace the Nazi teachings, and depicts how these teachings turn normal children into fanatics whose only thought is world conquest.

The story is based on Ziemer's first-hand experiences and observations during the ten years that he was head of the American Colony School in Berlin.

4 MOVED BY BISHOP'S SERMON, Anna surrenders to Stormtroopers and is sent back to the concentration camp, where she is regarded as a dangerous agitator.

5 WHEN KARL IS ORDERED to supervise the flogging of Anna his iron reserve finally breaks and the Colonel orders him to be shot as a traitor to the cause.

6 GRANTED PERMISSION to speak on radio and confess his mistakes to youth of Germany before his execution, Karl, instead, denounces the Nazi doctrine.

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

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Try Hollywood's favorite MAKE-UP Tonight! . . . .

Wouldn't you like to see your complexion acquire a lovely, new color tone . . . a warmer, more youthful beauty? Then try PERSONALIZED Color Harmony Make-up by MAX FACTOR★ HOLLYWOOD. Once you've tried this world - famous range of beauty aids you'll use it exclusively, just like the stars of stage and screen. Post coupon below for your own individual Color Harmony Make-up Chart.

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MAX FACTOR, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: *Send me my Colour Harmony Chart listing the correct shades of Max Factor powder, rouge and lipstick for my personal use.* **FREE**

Complexion	EYES	HAIR		BRIM
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FAIR ☐	GREY ☐	BRUNETTE: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐		OILY ☐
CREAMY ☐	GREEN ☐	BRUNETTE: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐		NORMAL ☐
MEDIUM ☐	HAZEL ☐	REDHEAD: LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐		LIPS
RUDDY ☐	BROWN ☐	If hair is Grey, Greyed, Paste shades and here		MOIST ☐
SALLOW ☐	BLACK ☐			DRY ☐
FRECKLED ☐	LASHES			AGE
DEEP ☐	LIGHT ☐			
	DARK ☐			

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BOX 1962K G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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● *All Hollywood is enthusiastic over the ability and refreshing charm of six-year-old Margaret O'Brien, who is now under long-term contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She made her screen debut with Mickey Rooney in "Babes on Broadway."*

● *The diminutive star with Laraine Day in a scene from "Journey for Margaret." In this film Margaret plays a war orphan in London.*

FAME . . . aged six

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

A NEW way of coping with the shortage of male stars is seen in the revived popularity of child players. MGM are enthusiastic over their latest find—diminutive, six-year-old Margaret O'Brien, who is now starring in "Lost Angel."

Margaret first won acclaim for her performance as the English orphan in "Journey for Margaret," in which she starred with Laraine Day and Robert Young. Since then she has been rushed with offers from other studios, but as soon as Margaret has finished "Lost Angel" she is scheduled to play Eve Curie in "Madame Curie."

When I interviewed this vivacious, pigtailed child in her dressing-room I found her busily engaged drawing pictures which "Life" magazine is going to feature.

Charming mother

AS Margaret labored with her sketching, tense with effort and her tongue clenched between her teeth, her attractive mother conducted the interview.

Mrs. O'Brien is a product of the show world, for all her young life was spent in the circus and vaudeville, and, after the death of Margaret's father, she had to support her child and her own younger sister, who is now a well-known dancer. So, from babyhood, Margaret has been in intimate contact with the show world.

She has posed for magazine covers, done radio work, and made her screen debut with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in "Babes on Broadway."

"I think Margaret's success is mainly due to her phenomenal memory," said Mrs. O'Brien. "As she is unable to read it is necessary to memorise everything. For her role in 'Journey for Margaret' she learned the entire script by heart, and did not miss a single cue."

I asked how Margaret managed to cry so heartbreakingly in "Journey for Margaret," and discovered that she had visualised herself in the position of the English orphan and did not find it hard to make her imagination work. "For less demanding roles, however," Mrs. O'Brien continued, "Margaret has another trick."

At this point Margaret interrupted by stretching out a small leg and, indicating scratches on her knee, said: "I pinch myself till it hurts, and that makes me cry."

The story of "Lost Angel" revolves round a group of scientists who endeavor to bring up Margaret according to their ideals, and at the age of six the child is able to answer questions on all sciences, but, when interviewed by a reporter, is found to be completely ignorant of fairy tales and Santa Claus.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

It turns 'em out fine!

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS tones up the gums . . makes them firm, hard and healthy.

MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.

1/1½ & 1/7½ PER TUBE.

BRITISH TO THE TEETH

. . . THERE I WAS, FELLAS, PINCHING HIM GENTLY IN THE EAR WHEN—ZOWIE!

"That big crybaby of a Cyril lets go with a terrific bowl!

"Of course Cyril's mama comes running. But instead of smacking him (or me)—she cools us both off with swell, sooth-y Johnson's Baby Powder! Yessir, a rubdown apiece with that delicious, downy powder!

"From now on, fellas, I'm using Cyril's system. Those crybabies get results!"

Next to his mother, a baby's best friend is silky-smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! It's such a soother for prickly heat and chafes—inexpensive, too!

J.P.B.1

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Ends your COLD.

Stops your COUGH.

Eases your throat.

Contains Anti-cold

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COUGH MIXTURE.

At all Chemists

Is there a MAZDA in the house?

Maybe his appendix can't wait till someone gets a Mazda—he hopes it can. There are times when a MAZDA light bulb is worth more than a four figure insurance policy. It is always wise to have a few spare MAZDA lamps in the house for emergency purposes.

WARTIME MORAL

Do not leave lights on when they're not being used. Save light, not by buying cheap lamps but by using pre-tested Australian-made MAZDA electric lamps—They stay brighter longer.

MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

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Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

The wife of China's Generalissimo is no mere wife of a leader but a leader in her own right. This slim little woman, with her dynamic purpose, is a symbol of hope for China, and an inspiration to all peoples of the United Nations. Virgil paints her against a background depicting the conflagration of war, an appropriate setting for one whose spirit is undimmed by six years of tragic warfare.

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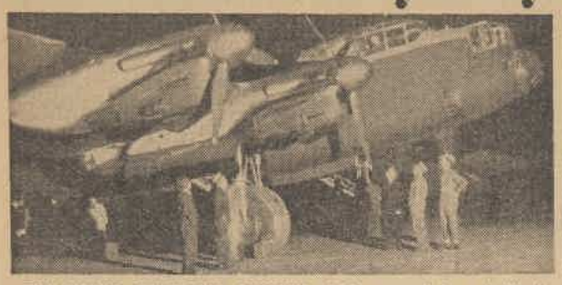
Lancaster boys fly home to thrilling reunions



THE GIANT LANCASTER BOMBER which, manned by a brilliant Australian crew, brought Lord Burghley to Australia.

PILOT-OFFICER DON DELANEY with his wife and two young sons, Donald and Roger, at their home at Sans Souci.

Mothers, wives and sweethearts proud of great team of airmen

The giant Lancaster bomber that brought Lord Burghley to Australia brought an unexpected thrill of reunion for the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the brilliant Pathfinder crew who manned it on the record-breaking flight.

Women who have for many months been picturing their boys on the great raids over the Continent, for which the Lancaster bombers are famous, woke one morning to hear that they were miraculously home again.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. Peter Isaacson (captain of the crew); Flight-Lieut. Alan Ritchie, D.F.M. (co-navigator); Pilot-Officer M. D. Delaney (flight engineer), and Corporal C. Spencer (fitter) all left Sydney together on Friday, June 13, two years ago.

"It was a dreary, wet day, just right for Friday, the thirteenth," said Flight-Lieut. Ritchie's pretty fiancee, Miss June Bracken, of Bellevue Hill. "We never thought they would all come back together so luckily in such exciting circumstances."

Flight-Lieut. Ritchie and Miss Bracken became engaged 18 months ago by radiophone from Canada. Alan's brother, now Flight-Lieut. David Ritchie, bought the engagement ring.

He later left Australia to become an observer in the famous No. 3 Squadron, in the Middle East. A few days after the Lancaster landed a telegram caused more excitement by announcing his arrival in Australia.

He will be best man at the wedding of his brother and Miss Bracken, which will take place just as soon as the Lancaster's co-navigator gets leave.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. ALAN RITCHIE, co-navigator of the Lancaster, with his fiancee, Miss June Bracken. They will be married during his leave.

Proud of plane

FLIGHT-LIEUT. ALAN RITCHIE is a qualified observer, navigator, and bomb-aimer.

Still in his shoulder is a piece of shrapnel, souvenir of his second last trip in Wellingtons.

Like the rest of the crew, Alan Ritchie speaks with real affection of "Q for Queenie the Sixth," the Lancaster.

"She's a lovely thing," he said. "Beautiful slim lines in spite of her huge size."

He is proud, too, of the fact that Queenie's crew brought back a set of photographs from Germany unsurpassed by anything done before in Bomber Command.

Pilot-Officer Delaney has promised Flight-Lieutenant Ritchie to sing at his wedding. Delaney's voice is celebrated among the crew. His main hobby before joining up was amateur theatricals.

It was in an amateur operatic society that he met his fair-haired wife.

"The 'Tell Me, Pretty Maiden' number in 'Florodora,' to be exact," he said.

Mrs. Delaney was at the radio at her home at Sans Souci when she heard the news of the Lancaster's arrival.

With a silver watch compact which he brought her was an envelope addressed: "Per airmail to Australia in the first Lancaster, per its engineer."

Inside it is a card bearing the words: "To my only sweetheart."

"That's pretty good after ten years," says Mrs. Delaney.

The two Delaney sons, nine-year-old Don and five-year-old Roger, are the envy of all the small boys in the neighborhood of their home at Sans Souci, for their father is the first Australian to be commissioned as a flight-engineer and the first Australian Air Force engineer qualified to wear wings.

With 21 operational flights to his credit, he is a fitting representative of the "fighting Delaneys."

"That's what they called the Delaneys in their home town, Wellington, New Zealand," said Mrs. Delaney.

Don Delaney's father, the late Walter Delaney, was the youngest veteran of the Maori wars.

He joined up as a bugler at the age of 11.

Grandfather Delaney fought in the Kaffir Wars in South Africa.

As flight-engineer, Don Delaney is in charge of 30 Pathfinder ground engineers.

The Lancasters do not carry a second pilot, and the engineer must be able to fly the machine if necessary.

On the trip out Pilot-Officer Delaney was responsible for engines, instruments, electrical, and general maintenance.

"There were the inspections every day, a job usually done by a crew of eight," he said.

"Sometimes, after 15 hours' work in the air, there would be just time for a cup of tea and then a four-hour inspection.

"When we went up the town at one landing place I fell asleep standing up in a milk bar."

Twenty-two-year-old Flight-Lieutenant Peter Isaacson, D.F.C., D.F.M., bombing veteran who captained the bomber, was greeted by his sister and mother, both in the uniform of the A.W.A.S., and his father, Mr. Arnold Isaacson.

His mother is Captain Lynka Isaacson, and his sister, Corporal Joan Isaacson, is a photographer.

Isaacson's crew call him "Flappo."

Rigger's family

THERE are no two prouder boys in Australia than Ken, aged 14, and Bob, 13, sons of the rigger, Corporal Claude Spencer.

Their father has brought them a souvenir which has been flown all over Germany. It is a square of canvas painted with a huge scarlet kangaroo. The kangaroo has wings and holds a bomb between its paws.

"This was the original mascot of our Lancaster crew from the day it was formed 18 months ago in England," said Corporal Spencer.

Pilot-Officer Copley, commonly known as "Uncle Bill" to the rest of the crew, painted the kangaroo mascot.

"Gee, it is wonderful to have this mascot and to have Dad back, too," chorused Ken and Bob, with beaming smiles.

CORPORAL CLAUDE SPENCER, the Lancaster's rigger, with his wife and small daughter Joy.

"Our house has been full of boys looking at their mascot all the morning," said their mother.

"Although our daughter, Joy, was only four years old when her father went away two years ago, she was the first to recognise his step and run to meet him the night he arrived," said Mrs. Spencer.

She said that her husband had sent her a wire from Sydney to say that he was coming, but, of course, she did not know when.

"Joy just hung over the front gate all day, and, even though it was eight o'clock when he arrived that night, she was ready for him. She jumped into his arms and gave him a big hug," she said.

"We were all so excited we couldn't eat. I decided to keep our lunch, which was roast lamb and beans and peas, Claude's favorite meal, until he came. But it is still there untouched," she said.

Corporal Spencer arrived in battle dress—a bloused suit of blue wool—because he came straight from the aerodrome the first possible minute he could.

He has been away for two years.

"Believe me, the sight of my family is the best I've seen for all that time," said this competent, fit-looking aircraftman, with a twinkle in his hazel eyes.

Flight-Lieutenant Bob Neilson, D.F.M., navigator of the Lancaster, had his first sight of home when the Lancaster swooped low over the Cordeaux Dam.

His father, Mr. John Neilson, is resident engineer in charge, and his home overlooks the dam.

His mother says that 22-year-old Bob is spending his leave "mostly eating apple pie." Apple pie is his favorite dish, and Mrs. Neilson cooks apple pie better than anyone her family knows.

There are two other Neilson boys. The eldest, Jack, home on leave to greet his brother, is a member of the R.A.A.F. ground staff, and spent 13 months in Darwin.

The youngest, Dick, just 21, is in the merchant navy and has just got his engineer's ticket. They have one sister, who is married.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. PETER ISAACSON, captain of the Lancaster, with his mother, Captain Lynka Isaacson, of the A.W.A.S.

Before the war, Bob was a clerk in the Water Board at Wollongong.

Flight-Sergeant Joe Grose, of Adelaide, brought back a new word with him, "dimmie."

It is an abbreviation of the expression, "I take a dim view."

Sergeant Grose confessed he "took a dimmie" of not being in Adelaide to keep an appointment—a romantic one—he had made by cable on the way out.

Distinguished visitor

THE boys voted Lord Burghley a great sport. "Just one of the crew," is the way they put it.

He has impressed people here with his dynamic personality and charming manners.

Thirty-eight years old, Lord Burghley is of athletic build, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. His spontaneous smile reveals perfect teeth.

He told The Australian Women's Weekly representative that he and his wife, who was formerly Lady Mary Theresa Montague-Douglas-Scott, younger sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, live in a small flat in London.

"And in these days of war my wife cooks my breakfast every morning before I go off to work," he said with a smile.

Lady Burghley spends nearly all her time now packing parcels for prisoners of war at the Red Cross in London.

Their three daughters, Davina Mary, aged 12 this month; Gillian Moyra Katherine, eight, and Angela Mary Rose, aged seven, are in America with Mr. and Mrs. J. Phipps at their Long Island home.

A son, John William, died when he was a year old.

Lord Burghley is world-famous as an amateur athlete, and is heir to one of the oldest baronies in England.

One of his most famous ancestors was Queen Elizabeth's most trusted adviser.

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Editorial

JUNE 19, 1943.

BUTTER RATIONING

THE first shock of butter rationing is over and most housewives have already decided that the situation might have been much worse.

Modern Australian housekeeping has perhaps been rather extravagant in butter. Common knowledge of food values has made it a virtue to be free in the use of so rich an ingredient.

Vegetables were mashed with butter or served with generous dabs, plenty of butter went into cakes and pastry, and the luncheon sandwiches were generously spread with it.

Now from the household wisdom of the more economical housekeepers of the last generation and from old recipe books, dozens of hints are being culled on ways to save butter.

The conscientious mother is noting this information and making it her job to see that each member of the family gets his share in the way most beneficial.

Many well-off housewives are learning, incidentally, something of the problems of less lucky ones who have always had to practise such economies for the saving of money.

Altogether there is no real hardship in this extension of rationing. Australians have eight ounces of butter a week —a "sacrifice" that will help to ensure that our British cousins who have suffered so much will get their two ounces a week.

Again comes the thought that, shortages and rationing notwithstanding, it's lucky to live in Australia.

—THE EDITOR.

AUSTRALIAN AIRMEN prisoners in Oflag 21B, Germany. Front row, L. to R.: Poulton, Lark, Burbury, McSwain, Dicker, Padre Maconochie, Walker, Pearce, Archer. Back row, L. to R.: Gould, Mace, Miller, Andrea, Hall, McKecknie, McLeod, Trickett, Skehill, Dickson, Kerwin, Keys, Anderson, Thompson, Terry, Gilderthorpe, O'Byrne, Smith, Newland, Osborne, Edwards. Sent by P.-O. G. A. Archer to his mother in Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Commando training is tough

Just how near commando training is to "the real thing" is graphically described in a letter from an airman who did an R.A.A.F. commando course.

"If ever I got knocked around in my life it was during the week we started unarmed defence," writes L.a.c. F. Giles.

UNARMED defence came after many weeks of hard P.T. (physical training), and I was black and blue all over.

"The first raid was on the officers' mess. All the officers were warned to expect the raid at any time.

"We found out that the officers had wired every door and window with bells, and wondered what chance our mob had of ever getting in.

"Here's how they did it. Shorty climbed on the roof, supplied with a hand brace and screwdriver. He proceeded to move a sheet of the fibro roofing, and made enough row for ten men.

"He managed to remove the sheet, and, aided with a rope ladder, his next job was to get inside and find the batteries connected to the bells.

"The silly cow, instead of using his torch to see where he was going, trusted his eyes, and stumbled over a chair.

"'Who's there? What are you doing in there?' some officer yelled.

"Shorty let out a 'me-ow' like a cat, and got this reply: 'Some day I'll kill that damn cat. Shoo, you pest, get out of here.'

"Shorty found the batteries after a hard search, and, disconnecting them, opened a door and let us in. Now we were in, what could we pinch?

"The C.O. gave us a wonderful idea. 'Why not pinch all their crockery and eating irons?' So we did.

"Next morning there was a huge disturbance in the officers' mess.

"That was the first of many raids."

Camp raid

"THE hardest ever attempted was on the local V.D.C. camp. The C.O. paid them a visit, keeping his eyes peeled, and taking in everything in general.

"He warned them for weeks that we were going to raid them, and take everything we could lay our hands on. Of course, they laughed at us, and said it would be impossible to get past the guards. But we had that all worked out.

"On the night fixed we all assembled for instructions. We were to go by truck until we were about five miles from the V.D.C. camp, were to raid the local headquarters on the way, take as many prisoners as we could, and proceed on to the camp.

"We overpowered the first guard, then the second. The third, a fine, strapping bloke, put up a hell of a fight, and had to be knocked cold. The others, hearing his yells, came a-running.

"Boy, did we have a fight on our hands. It was all in, no beg pardons here. If you didn't job him, he'd job you. Boy! Did I get a corker black eye!

"We wasted two hours here before we got control of the place, and then proceeded on to the camp.

"We had a good look at the place, and found plenty of guards. We had a bit of a conference, and decided to meet back at this same spot in one hour.

"If any of us were caught, or left behind, it was our own fault, and we had to get home best we could.

"Smithy and I were to raid the stores, two others were detailed to pick out a fast truck, and disable the rest. The rest of the mob was to overpower the guards, pinch all their tucker, rifles, etc.

"Now we were set. Crawling on our bellies for some hundreds of yards, through water and slush, Smithy and I got in to the stores. We hid most of the food under the hut, and didn't we have a time in among the clothes! We tied the coats and pants together, and made a general mess of the place.

"Boy. How I wish it had been a real dinkum raid! Smithy felt the same, too. We could have had a great fire, or could have blown the place up.

"We found the C.O. and some of the boys in the kitchen carting all the food out, and hiding it behind a tree. The C.O. was in his glory.

"Then the worst happened. Someone let off a rifle. Blokes came from everywhere, so it was time for a quick getaway.

"Like a darn fool, I stumbled and fell headlong into a muddy hole. I lay there for a few seconds getting my wind back. I could hear chaps running everywhere, shouting and talking in excited voices.

"Then, 'boom,' up goes a flare. Time for me to get out. Funny how one can get tangled up in a fence. Well, I did, and just made it to the truck our boys had pinched.

One missing

"WE took a hasty count and found one of us missing. Several wanted to go back and get him, but the C.O. wouldn't let us.

"I think we all worried, wondering if he was caught, or got away. It was a dark night, and it would be easy to be lost in this part of the country.

"Well, you should have seen us—covered with mud of all colors.

"The boss ordered us to the showers, and then to bed.

"'Boys!' he said, 'that was a splendid job well done! I'm really proud of you all, and I hope for bigger and better raids in the near future. We'll meet here at nine o'clock in the morning.'

"Next morning we got word that Bert had busted his leg, was in good hands, and we could come and get him.

"The C.O. in charge of the V.D.C.'s was a decent old stick, even after the mess we made of his place. He invited us to tea at the week-end. He was amazed when told how we got in and away.

"He proposed a toast to us, and said we had done a good job, and he wouldn't have liked to come against us in real combat."

PHOTO sent to his mother, Mrs. H. McCauley, Waverley, N.S.W., by her son, Sgt. Wireless Air-Gunner Gerard McCauley, before he was posted missing some months ago. She has since been notified that he has been killed.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 5/- is paid.

Interesting People

MRS. R. GETHING

. . . ferries planes.

ONLY Australian among women pilots ferrying planes from factories to R.A.F. stations with Britain's Air Transport Auxiliary is Third Officer Mrs. Richard Gething, formerly Mardi Gepp, Melbourne. Obtained her B licence in England. Recently qualified to fly fighter planes. Auxiliary has delivered more than 100,000 planes, flown 30,000,000 miles.

MR. J. F. MURPHY

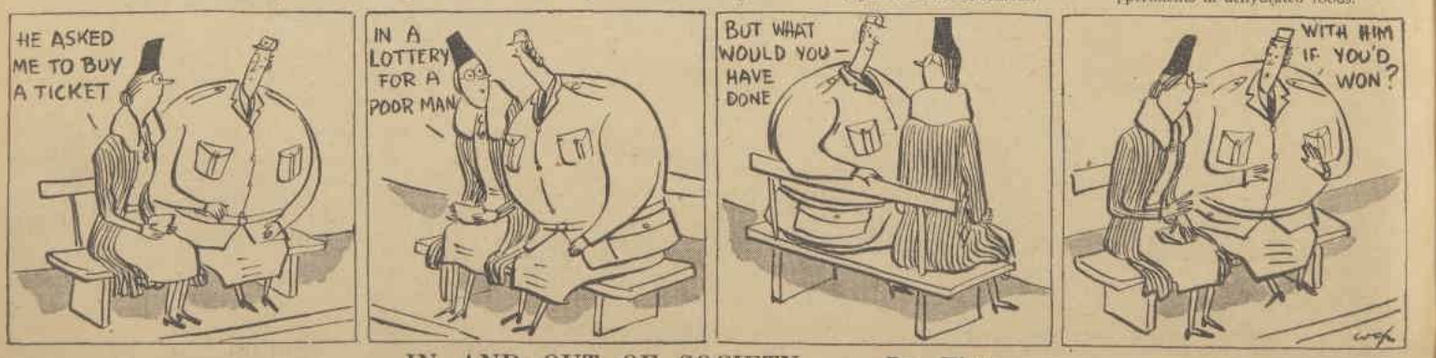
. . . food problems.

APPOINTED Commonwealth Food Controller, Mr. J. F. Murphy, Secretary of Commerce Department, is directing Australia's greatest food drive. Will deal with all food problems from agricultural production to distribution, emergency food supplies, and supplies of agricultural machinery and fertilisers.

UNDER-OFFICER R. HUDSON

. . . scientific cooking.

ONE of few to hold rank of Under-Officer, W.A.A.A.F., similar to Warrant-Officer, R.A.A.F., Ruby Hudson is assistant to Section-Officer Allen, diet and food specialist, R.A.A.F. Directorate of Supply Services. Studied cookery abroad and came to Australia under Government contract. Became chef at Government House, Adelaide. Joined W.A.A.A.F. as cook. Now helps in demonstrations of cooking Army rations and experiments in dehydrated foods.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

ANOTHER week with good fortune possible in the lives and affairs of many, particularly those born under the zodiacal signs of Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius, with Leonians and Arians next.

Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians should expend every effort towards making helpful changes, seeking favors, and otherwise advancing themselves. Leonians and Arians would be wise to seek advancement, too, but with more caution.

People born under the signs of Sagittarius, Virgo, and Pisces, however, should live quietly, avoiding change, discord, loss, opposition, and upsets. Routine work is wisest for these people now, but things should improve very soon.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 17 (except between 5.30 and 7.30 a.m.) can be very helpful. June 18 (just after lunch) very fair, but balance of day poor; June 21 (to 6 a.m. and from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m.) very fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Uneventful days for most Taurians, though June 20 (evening) can be fair, and June 18 and June 21 (morning and late evening) poor.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Keep busy. This is the last chance for good fortune for several months. Seek promotion, gains, and changes or favors on June 16 (from 5 to 9 p.m.), June 20 (after 7 p.m.), and June 21 (between 8 and 9 a.m. excellent), then fair to 8 p.m.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Plan ahead, for good times approach. Meanwhile, June 16 (to 9 a.m.) and June 22 (near midnight) very good, and June 17 (after 10 a.m.) and June 21 (from 8 to 9 a.m.) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): June 17 (between 10 a.m. and midnight) can be surprisingly helpful, while June 18 (between 1 and 2.30 p.m. only) may be helpful. June 15, 16, 22, and 23 tricky.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Things improve very soon, but meanwhile continue to observe caution. Unwary Virgoans can get into plenty of trouble on June 15, June 17, June 18 (worst), and June 22 (evening). Avoid changes, discord and impatience.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make much good use of June 17 (except between 5.30 and 6 a.m.), June 18 (between 1 and 2 p.m. only), June 21 (between 8 and 9 a.m.; with things very fair to 8 p.m.), and June 22 (to dusk) fair. Utilise these good hours; good reactions are likely.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Reserve serious action till after June 21, although improved fortunes may now begin to seem possible. Plan wisely and work hard. June 16 (to 9 a.m.) very fair; June 17 (after 10 a.m.) helpful; June 20 (from 7 to 10 p.m.), fair; June 22 (late evening excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Be patient a while longer. This is particularly necessary on June 15 (morning), June 16 (night), June 17 (near sunrise worst), June 18 and 19 (around midnight), and June 20 (near sunrise), and June 22 (late).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Get semi-important things finalised on June 20 (between 7 and 10 p.m. if possible), or on June 16 (before 9 a.m.)

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Utilise the good aspects of this week fully, for good fortune is possible. Plan well, work hard, especially on June 17 (after 10 a.m.), June 21 (between 8 and 9 a.m., then very fair to 8 p.m.), and June 22 (fair to 10 p.m.).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A week for caution. But cheer up; good times are just ahead. Live quietly on June 15, 17, 18 (worst), 19 (late), 20 (early) and 21 (late). But late on June 22 get busy. Good fortune possible then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Tortilla Flat.** John Steinbeck's story is expertly handled by MGM and splendidly acted by Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan, but subject will not have universal appeal.—St. James; showing.

★★ **The Spoilers.** This time Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott, and John Wayne handle Rex Beach's much-filmed Alaskan melodrama. Plenty of action and excitement. —Victory; showing.

★ **Friendly Enemies.** A badly dated show with many dull periods. Charles Winninger and Charlie Ruggles provide some intermittent laughs by cracks at Hitler.—Plaza; showing.

★ **Hi'ya Chum.** A slender thread of a story provides the flimsy background for some slapstick comedy delivered by the Rita Brothers. Jane Frazee and Robert Paige provide romance.—Capitol; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and

LOTHAR: his giant Nubian servant, have cleared up a series of attempted murders at an old-fashioned house where they had spent the week-end. Now they have embarked on another adventure. With

PRINCESS NARDA: of Cockaigne, Mandrake visits an orphanage where he gives a demonstration of his magic. All the children enjoy his tricks, except

DANNY SMITH: who wants to go home to his Dad, who, he says, has been wrongly accused of theft from a bank where he was a teller.

The boy's story so impresses Narda that on leaving the institution she prevails on Mandrake to investigate the crime. Now read on:

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Army transport drivers form unique and versati

COMPOSERS AT WORK. From left: Drivers Freddie Miller, Keith Gleeson, and Jimmy Best, whose songs are soon to be published. The band encourages other local composers by playing their music.

They play everything from swing to love-songs and symphonies

By BETTY NESBIT

In a tin-roofed recreation hut at an Army camp I listened to an orchestra of twenty Army truck-drivers playing their own arrangement of "Waltzing Matilda."

These husky lads, all members of a transport unit, were playing so well that I wasn't surprised when told that whenever they're not driving huge army trucks along the highways to Melbourne, Brisbane, or Darwin, they're rehearsing, performing, composing, or copying music.

"THE boys spend all their spare time practising, and most of their leave, too," said Captain J. L. Miller, one of their officers, in a pause for the distribution of more music. "They frequently give up a leave to stay with the orchestra for a certain engagement.

"We made musical history recently by flying north to an Air Force station to play for a dance. We took all our instruments, of course, and the trumpet and clarinet players, who are good at carpentering, made special music-stands which could be folded into a small space.

"We played for six hours, then flew back."

The orchestra, called the 116 Rhythm Ensemble, was formed a year ago under Captain Miller's direction, as part of the Army Education Service.

It has recorded "Waltzing Matilda" and it was described by a B.B.C. representative in Sydney as the best recording of this now famous Australian folk song. At his request, a copy of the disc has been sent to London to be broadcast.

Another has gone to the N.B.C. in New York for American radio audiences.

"We had no trouble in getting an orchestra together when the plan was first discussed," continued Captain Miller. "We found in the unit a number of chaps who, before the war, had played in leading Sydney orchestras and dance bands.

"We have players who once played only symphonies, but now can swing it with the best, and former swing players who've learnt to take their parts in symphonies. The boys are certainly versatile."

That was no exaggeration. For it seems that quite often the orchestra is just about ready to set forth on an engagement when the saxophonist, for instance, is detailed to go off on a job, and the guitar player has to take his place.

Just then the band burst into their newest number, a special arrangement of the famous "Internationale."

One of the vocalists, Driver Ron Williams, sang it. He is a bass baritone, and rated a most promising singer. Before the war he was a professional stage and radio singer.

Sitting round the fire during a break I found the four other vocalists, Drivers Jimmy Scanlan, Keith Foster, Bruce Kerr, and Norman Gayton.

"We can sing swing, classics, or just old-fashioned ballads—anything to order," they said.

Driver Scanlan, a jolly-faced young man, specialises in the rollicking, comedy type of song, "with plenty of action," as he put it.

"We blokes have to take a good deal of chiacking from the others, but we get the fan mail, anyhow," the singers said.

A tall young man, whose interest in life is "just music," Driver Jimmy Best, gave me a lengthy lecture on the art of swing.

"We have a swing section in the band which is as good as any you could hear," he told me earnestly. "Our jam sessions are hot."

Another section of the band is The Gauchos, made up of Driver Eddie Cockman (who was the first violinist in a city theatre) and Driver Keith Gleeson (also known as "Jeep"), who plays the piano accordeon.

Sing about love

GIPSY songs are their specialty, and they played "Black Eyes" for me with all the fire of a tzigane band.

I met the Sentimentalists. Their songs are sweet and sad, and mostly about love.

One of the Sentimentalists was a truck-driver before the war.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the orchestra is the ability of four or five of the players to compose music.

They dash off the words and music at the drop of a hat.

The tapping of the conductor's baton on the stand brought the musicians into their place.

"Come on," said Gordon Andrews, "Let's get down to work. We'll take that new arrangement of the 'Land of the Sundown,' and I want real symphonic work," he added.

"All the work is voluntary, but when we play at dances where admission is charged then some money goes to our band. In this way we have raised more than £1000, and this money has been used to buy wireless sets for soldiers stationed at northern battle stations," Captain Miller said.

"Efforts have been made to get the orchestra into the official A.I.F. Entertainment Unit, but we prefer to keep our identity. Mainly, because the chaps joined the Army to be soldiers, and they want to be soldiers."

TRUMPETER. Driver Clyde Hogg, star trump a truck-driver before the war. Uses

HEAD WORK. Important part of orchestra is copying of parts of music for various instruments. Here are Noel Field and Jimmy White on the job.

"THE DOCTOR'S CASE BOOK"

Here are vivid dramas taken from the pages of the case book of a famous surgeon

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Immortal Melodies

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To eke out your butter ration

By OUR FOOD EXPERT

The main problem of housewives in eking out the butter ration is to ensure a fair share for each member of the family.

ONE of the best ways to do this is to place each person's share in a separate jar.

Cut each half-pound of butter into eight equal pieces. Seven represent a daily portion per person, the eighth can be put aside for cooking purposes.

Label each jar, and then each member of the family can use his or hers as desired.

If the jar lids are painted or brightly colored so much the better, as they should be brought to the table. It is better, anyway, to risk an untidy appearance to the table than waste butter by transferring it from one dish to another.

Teach even the youngest member of the family to make the most of the quota by softening before spreading bread or toast and creaming with a little warm water. Allow toast to cool before buttering.

For cooking use good clean clarified dripping. Do not throw away scraps of fat cut from meat such as stewing steak and chops.

To clarify fat, place all scraps, burnt or dark dripping in a saucepan with three inches of cold water and a piece of potato or stale bread to absorb any burnt or other flavors. Bring to boiling point and boil gently for 10 to 15 minutes. When cold and set, remove the cake of fat and scrape the sediment from bottom of cake.

Melt down the clean fat and pour into tins for storing.

Keep two tins of fat, one for baking and the other for cooking.

When using dripping for cooking cakes, biscuits, or puddings, cream well with lemon juice, allowing 1 dessertspoon to the quarter-pound of dripping.

Here are cake and pudding recipes made with dripping creamed with lemon juice:

SPONGE TEA CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, lemon essence, 1 tablespoon melted dripping, 1 egg.

Separate white from the yolk of egg and beat till stiff. Add the sugar gradually, then the yolk. Fold in milk and essence, then the sifted flour and salt, lastly add melted dripping. Bake in greased sandwich tin for 20-25 minutes in moderate oven (375 deg.).

STEAMED PUDDING

Four ounces good dripping, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 dessertspoons milk, dessertspoon lemon juice, grated rind of lemon, or 2oz. candied lemon peel.

Cream dripping and lemon juice till light and fluffy, add sugar gradually, then beaten egg. Add grated rind or peel, then fold in the sifted flour and milk alternately. Steam in greased cups, for 30-35 minutes. Serve with lemon cornflour sauce.

INEXPENSIVE CAKE

Five ounces good beef dripping, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 cup mixed fruit, ½ cup grated apple, 1 mashed banana, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs.

Shave dripping into basin and cream with lemon juice and rind, add sugar gradually and beat till light and fluffy; add the egg (beaten). Beat. Add apple and banana, then, alternately, sifted flour and spices with the milk. Bake in two bar tins 25 to 30 minutes each in moderate oven (350 degrees).

JAM. T

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le orchestra

tr...ter of the 116 Rhythm Ensemble, used to be ...tin hat instead of the usual top hat.

"ROW, ROW, ROW." Driver Jimmy Scanlon sings that favorite old song, with actions. Jimmy is one of the singing comedians in the band, and was photographed at a rehearsal. The vocalists get most of the band's fan letters.

T swing enthusiasts enjoy a "jam" session. From left: Drivers M. Acheson, B. Kerr, F. Marcy, R. Hogg, P. Leunig, Max Daley, and J. Best (at the piano). Driver Best is in charge of the swing section, and claims its work is "hot."

SINGER. Ron Williams, at the microphone. His pals call him Australia's Paul Robeson. He was a professional singer.

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Continuing . . . Common People

from page 5

"WELL, think of me," Rena burst out. "See how I'll be dragged into this. You see, I'd have a motive, too, in a way."

"You said you wanted to get rid of him."

She shuddered. "But not that way. You mustn't see him here. You mustn't come here looking for him. You mustn't come anywhere near here. Don't you see what it would mean? In this flat, Salvi? I've been through enough. But I was getting out. I was going to have a showdown with Gregory. Pel's fixing it for me to go home."

Salvi said: "I get you, Rena. I told you I didn't know you were here. I wouldn't do anything to cause you trouble. I'm sorry for what I said. I can watch — and wait. But you can sleep easy till you're back with the outfit. Maybe I'm a fool to do it like I planned. I'll think it out. I'll be seein' ya, Rena."

He was turning to go when someone rapped on the door — once sharply, then three times deliberately. Rena's eyes widened. Salvi's lips shaped the question:

"Him?" His hand went to the knife at his belt.

The girl nodded. Quickly she urged him to a door leading to her bedroom.

"Lock it," she said in a whisper. "Please." He obeyed her, making no sound as he stepped inside and turned the key. She called loudly, "Coming," and lifted a decanter from the sideboard and spilled some whisky on the carpet, outside the bedroom door. She went to the passage door and opened it.

A man's voice said: "Good gosh. Who's been drinking?"

Rena said: "Shhh!" with finger to lips. She added: "I'm sorry," and brushed her hair from her forehead. "Phew! What a party. It's a girl I know. She came in drunk. I couldn't get rid of her."

The man grunted. Rena went on: "She was ill. She's in the bedroom lying down. Don't speak too loudly."

"The place reeks," the man said. "You're not encouraging her, are you?"

"She saw me by accident," Rena said. "She was on her way to see those people upstairs. I'll get rid of her as soon as you've gone."

"She won't come out? I don't want her to see me here."

"She'll be all right for a while."

"Any mail?"

"They're behind the clock. I wish you wouldn't have them sent here."

Salvi heard her voice as if reading: "Madame Josephine Gregory." She spoke with sarcasm. "So you're married now?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

She said: "I'm not interested. I thought you knew that."

The man chuckled. "You're out of sorts."

Rena said: "I've got to talk to you. But not now. I've got to see you. Please come back to-night. It's important."

"What is it?"

"Something we've got to get settled. Come after eight."

The man said: "Do you know a fellow called Pelham?"

"Pelham?"

"You heard."

"Perhaps you mean Pelham, the spruiker. Everyone I know calls him Pel. He was with the dad's show one time."

There was a short silence. Then the man asked: "He hasn't been here by any chance?"

"No. Why should he?"

"He might have been invited."

"Don't be silly. I don't want to see any of the old gang. You ought to know that."

Salvi heard the man walk to the passage door. He said: "I can't stop. Get rid of your friend in there. See she don't come back—ever."

The door opened and shut. Rena crossed to the bedroom and whispered:

"Don't come out. Wait a little. Pass out my dressing-gown. It's behind the door." When he had done so, she took off her skirt. Then she put on her dressing-gown and, humming, opened the hall door and stepped out as if she were going to the bathroom at the end of the little floor passage.

She glanced up and down, but there was no one about, and she stepped back into her apartment and closed the door. She said: "Thanks, Salvi. I think he's gone, but he may be downstairs. When you hear me sing the old trapeze music come out and run upstairs and go and see Sapolio. You know him, don't you?"

He said yes, he was going to a party there in the evening. She went to the hall door again, and, a moment later, he heard her singing. He opened the door and with quick, silent strides was out of the apartment and running up the steps to the next floor. He knocked on Sapolio's door, but before it was opened, he heard footsteps ascending from the ground floor and Rena Maroni's voice:

"Hello. What d'you come back for? It's all right, anyway. She's gone, thank goodness. Decided suddenly to go upstairs and see her friends. Wish them joy. I'm going to have a bath."

. . . . . .

Salvi glowered at Pel and Bella as they sat watching him.

"What sort of a man am I? I go to kill him. He's there and I don't do a thing. I run away."

"I'll tell you," Pel said. "You couldn't make trouble for Rena."

"And even now I don't know what he looks like."

"But you heard his voice."

"Yes, through the door. It don't mean nothing. It was kinda muffled. I wouldn't know it again."

Bella said earnestly, putting her hand on his arm: "Forget about him, Salvi. What's it matter? Whatever he's done you can't touch him without hurting yourself. They'd find you."

Pel said: "Bella's right. You'll feel better later. You're too excitable. Sleep on it."

The sword-walker looked from one to the other. "You don't know the half of it," he said. "It keeps me awake."

Pel said: "Tell us about the telephone call. It meant something, didn't it?"

Salvi found himself a cigarette, but he didn't light it. He kept twisting it about in his long fingers.

"You might as well know the lot," he said. "When I picked up the phone someone said, 'Salvi,' but it was so low I could scarcely hear. I said, 'Speak up.' There was a lot of noise going on, remember. Then the voice whispered through the phone. I thought it was Rena, but how could it a' been?" He put his hand to his forehead.

"But it said it was. It said, 'Come down quick.' It sounded weird. I guessed something was the matter. I thought Gregory was there. Everyone was talking sixteen to the dozen. I slipped out and ran downstairs.

"The door of Rena's room was shut, but there was a key in the lock. I turned it and opened the door a little bit. It was dark inside. Without going right in I felt about for the electric-light switch and flicked it on."

He began striking the unlighted cigarette against the palm of his hand.

"Rena was there — on the floor, twisted towards me. It was—horrible. The light was shining right on her face. I didn't need to go in. I could see from where I stood she was dead."

After a moment he went on: "I felt sick. I was half in and half out of the room. I began to get scared. I wanted to get away. I stepped right outside and pulled the door to by the key. I remember the key slipped from the lock and came away in my hand. The door didn't close tight. I mean the lock didn't snap. I'm sure of that. I ran upstairs and along the passage to Sapolio's lavabo. I was very sick.

"I must have put the key in my pocket somehow while I was ill—without knowing, I mean. When it was over I went back to the party and got a drink. Just after that we heard the scream."

Salvi crushed the cigarette he had been holding. "Now you know," he said.

"But who screamed?" Bella said.

"It was not Rena," Pel said. "Linley told me that was impossible."

"No, no—not Rena," Salvi said. "I told you—she was lying there dead. It was awful."

"Was it Rena who phoned?" Bella asked.

Pel shook his head. "Was it a woman who phoned you?" he asked Salvi.

"It was a whisper."

Bella said: "Marie answered the phone first. She gave it to Salvi."

"If that's right," Pel said, "she might help. Leave it to me."

Bella said slowly: "I hate to say this, but Estelle was not in the room when Salvi spoke on the phone, but she was there when he returned."

"She might have gone into the kitchen—anywhere."

"Yes, of course. It wasn't her voice you heard, Salvi?"

"How do I know? I've told you. It just whispered. Anyway, how could she use the phone?"

"Someone mighta helped her," Bella said.

Salvi gave an impatient gesture. "I thought it was Rena speaking so no one could hear her. I didn't think about Estelle at all."

"You're sure about the key?" Pel asked.

"Sure, I'm sure," Salvi returned crossly. "I remember it coming out of the door when I pulled it to. I don't remember after that. Perhaps it fell outa wherever I put it when Wang pushed us over."

Pel said: "Try and think back. The telephone was a plant. If it was just someone trying to let us know there'd been a tragedy why pick on you? No. Someone wanted to get you down there."

"But, why, why?"

Pel said: "Now, listen, Salvi. This is important. You've got to remember the exact words that were whispered over the wire."

"That's it," Salvi exclaimed. "I can't remember exactly. I was excited. All I got was that it was Rena and that per'aps Gregory was there and she needed help. That's what came to my mind." He looked up at Pel, frowning. "But there was something—I can't remember what. It was only a little thing but it seemed funny."

"Funny?" Bella said.

"I mean it just didn't fit. I don't know whether I thought of it then or later. It's gone, anyway."

"Dwell on it," Pel advised. "It'll come. We'd all better call it a day." He stood up and said, "Good night, Bella."

She opened her handbag and took out a handkerchief. "The key's in that." He smiled. "Thanks, I'll look after it."

She rose and held the handkerchief out to him and, as he was about to take it, there was a heavy step outside, a voice called, "You there, Salvi," the door opened and, uninvited, Rorke stepped into the room.

"Well, well," Rorke said as they turned and faced him. "Look who's here! Little Pel, of course. And the beautiful tattooed lady! And what have you all been talking about?"

Bella moved to open her bag but Rorke stretched out, and a heavy paw closed over the hand that held the handkerchief and key.

"Let me alone," Bella cried.

"Oh, no," Rorke said, "I'll look after this." He took the handkerchief from her as Linley came into the room. Rorke turned to him triumphantly. "Look what we got," he said. "Now ain't you glad we came?"

He placed the handkerchief on the bed and carefully unfolded it, revealing a latchkey.

"Oh, looky, looky," he said, and glanced at Linley. "Now I wonder what they'd be playing about with a key for."

He folded up the key and offered it with the handkerchief to Linley. "Maybe, if you dust that off you may find something interesting. I'll lay odds it's the key of the Maroni dame's flat."

Linley said to Bella: "Raise any objections?"

She was about to speak when Pel interposed: "What's the use? You've got the key. Don't say anything, Bella."

Linley stowed the key and handkerchief in his pocket and Rorke said: "So little Pel's not so cocky, now." He turned to Linley. "It's my opinion the whole bunch of 'em was in it."

Pel said in a curiously subdued tone: "You've got to guess right some time." He added, after a bit, "Can we go home?"

Linley thought a moment. "I'd like the three of you in my office at nine to-morrow."

Rorke said to Bella: "I hope that will suit your ladyship."

She went to Salvi's mirror and started to powder her face. Over her shoulder she said: "When they bury you, flatfoot, reserve me a front seat."

Pel said good night and walked downstairs. Big Minnie was waiting in the hall. She said: "Whatever is it, Mr. Pelham? This is a respectable house."

"Don't worry," Pel said, "it'll come right."

He walked out of the building and ran into Professor Smith.

"Bella!" he cried. "Where is she? Is she with Salvi?"

Pel hesitated and the other went on: "One day I'll break her neck." He paused as the thought struck him. "No, I won't. It's too beautiful. Have you ever noticed it, Mr. Pelham? How it is set on the shoulders like the statue of a Greek goddess!" He turned away abruptly. "I will go up."

"No," Pel said, detaining him. "Don't go up."

"But I must," the Professor cried. "I can't wait. Salvi can go to the dickens. I want Bella. I want to see her now. I can't sleep till I've seen her. The most wonderful idea has come to me, Mr. Pelham. It's for the back of her knees. It's tantalised me for months, but I've got it at last. A gargoyle. Look."

He fumbled excitedly in his pocket and produced a rough sketch, just as Linley and Rorke emerged from big Minnie's apartment house. They paused, and Rorke said: "Here's another. The place is crawling with 'em." He turned to the Professor: "What's he been saying?" he asked.

The Professor blinked at him behind his glasses. "He hasn't been saying," he said mildly; "I've been saying."

Pel said dryly "He's got a great idea for tattooing Bella."

Rorke exclaimed: "I thought he'd covered all that territory." He was turning to follow Linley, but paused. "Wait a bit," he drawled, and took the Professor by the arm. "Come over here."

"Let me go! I'm—I'm in a hurry," protested the Professor, wriggling.

Rorke held him firmly and urged him under a street lamp so that the light fell full on his frightened face. After a moment's close scrutiny he said, "All right," and rejoined Linley. As they walked away Linley said: "Know him?"

Rorke shook his head. "He's nuts, anyway. They're all nuts if you ask me."

Linley smiled.

. . . . . .

It was to be a busy morning for Pel Pelham. Sapolio was going cranky and he expected brisk business. He was glad Linley had made an early appointment. On his way to the "tomb" he called on Speel, the printer, to pick up some postcards. Speel was already on the job.

"Come on in, Pel," he called. "They're a-drying nicely. I'll give you a few to go on with and I'll send the others round."

Pel half sat on the bench watching the old man make up the parcel. Idly his eyes travelled to a spoiled proof lying face up on the floor. He picked it up and read.

MADAME JOSEPHINE GREGORY

Costumes. 30 Albany St.
Lingerie. Eslington.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE BOX 0093X.

Speel said with a twinkle: "Figurin' on buyin' any lingerie, Pel?"

"You never know," Pel said.

Please turn to page 31

Animal Antics

"All right, all right! If you're Mother Goose, how about a rhyme?"

How to recognise good swing music

Station 2GB's new session

Swing music is one of those things that you either like or you don't like, according to a radio swing expert.

"Swingtime" on 2GB has offered listeners a compromise by presenting music that was swing interspersed with music that was not quite swing.

NOW, however, with the co-operation of John Ramsey, well-known contributor to swing magazines, Johnny Walker is presenting a real swing session, about which there can be no possible doubt.

Johnny Walker presents the half-hour programme, "Swingtime," on 2GB every Saturday, at 5 p.m.

"Whether or not you like swing is really a matter of whether or not you understand it.

"Swing music is not necessarily noisy music," Mr. Walker explains.

"American musicians set out to make something important of swing music, and the result is they have got somewhere.

"Take the example of Bobby Zurke, whom I regard as one of the finest swing pianists in the business.

"He felt that in swing music there was something that met the needs of modern people, and he was not content until he had made something artistic and impressive out of it. He was only one man who had helped to pioneer swing," continued Johnny Walker.

"Others are Arty Shaw, who, I believe, we are shortly to see in person in Sydney, Benny Goodman, the two Dorsey brothers, and Glenn Miller.

"The symphonic orchestral player interprets the musical thoughts of the great composers. The modern swing musician is no less a fine musician because he takes some more or less ordinary theme and, in company with his fellow musicians, weaves around it all sorts of variations, which form a brilliant piece of extemporisation such as only men who are masters of their instruments can hope to carry out successfully.

"If swing at times is noisy, it is no less noisy than, for instance, the symphonic orchestra playing Wagnerian music. What is more, we live in noisy times, so that swing music is, therefore, expressing these times.

"The aim of the new session will be—apart from presenting entertainment—to provide listeners with a guide to what is good in swing music."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 16: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, June 17 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, June 18: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, June 19: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, June 20 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, June 21: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, June 22: Musical Alphabet.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3406.—Sleekly tailored little frock with smart side opening. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2⅞yds, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3403.—Plain but sophisticated style, with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3273.—Casual, sporty style, with front pleats and yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3398.—Slim, poured-in silhouette, offset with a drawstring waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2299.—Flattering and practical frock for small girls 4 to 10 years. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Needlework Notions

PRETTY FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS

THE dainty frock you see at right has been designed for the two to eight-year-olds.

It comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on a dainty English cotton in floral tonings of blue, pink, orange, and green, ready to cut out and sew.

Note the high Peter Pan neckline, short sleeves with cuff, pocket flaps on skirt.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, price 3/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 4/11 (5 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 5/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4.

Please quote No. 208 when ordering.

RAYON CREPE-DE-CHINE SLIP

THIS dainty slip (see sketch) is designed to fit 2 to 6-year-olds. Straps button on at shoulders. Around the neckline is a motif for working; armholes and hem are scalloped for buttonholing.

The pattern is traced on to pink, blue, lavender, and white rayon crepe-de-chine.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, price 3/6 (3 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 4/6 (6 coupons); plus 3½d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4.

When ordering, please quote No. 204.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS DUCHESSE SET

ILLUSTRATED below is an enchanting set for your dressing-table.

The sprays of flowers are traced on crisp organdie in readiness for easy embroidery.

The heart-shaped edges can be finished with lace or dainty crochet edging, according to your own taste. No lace supplied.

In pink, blue, and white organdie, this 3-piece set costs 3/-, plus 1½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 365 when ordering.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

STURDY SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS

Sizes 1 to 6 years.

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

No. 1.—Requires 1yd. for trousers, 1½yds. shirt, 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires 1yd. for trousers, 1½yds. shirt, 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires 1yd. for trousers, 1½yds. shirt, 36ins. wide.

Fashion FROCKS

"JOSEPHINE" Tailored Frock

THIS attractive afternoon frock is designed in a lightweight woollen in wine, grey, rust, pale blue, light navy, and ink-blue. If you prefer, you can obtain the "Josephine" frock in a similar material and in the same shades, but featuring a one-inch check.

The frock is made with a high roll collar, long, fitted sleeves, and an interesting new cut.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, ready to wear, 49/11 (12 coupons); cut out ready to make yourself, 36/11 (12 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38, 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 53/3 (12 coupons); cut out ready to make yourself, 39/11 (12 coupons).

Postage, 3/9½ extra.

How to obtain "Josephine." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498KK, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 398A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 19/6/43

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MERCHANT NAVY CLUB. Mrs. Angus McPherson serves Chief Cook E. Putland at shop in Merchant Navy Club in Elizabeth Street.

On and Off Duty.

AT wedding of Sister Thelma Lane Lloyd, A.I.F. (ret.), and Major John Hill, A.I.F. (ret.), bride and groom and their attendants are all members of a surgical unit which served in Greece, Crete, Syria, and in Egypt with the 9th Division at El Alamein.

After the "break through" theirs was the only Australian surgical unit to move on to Mersa Matruh with the British 8th Army.

Best man is Major Harley Turnbull, A.I.F. (ret.), and bridesmaid is Sister Nell Luke, A.I.F. (ret.).

Ceremony takes place at Wesley Chapel.

Bride is the elder daughter of Mrs. J. Lloyd, of Newcastle, and late Mr. W. A. Lloyd, and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hill, of Hurstville.

Bride and groom tell of happy times spent in Beirut as guests of the then American Consul, Mr. Van Engert, and his wife. Mr. Van Engert is now stationed at Kabul, Afghanistan.

Dr. Bayard Dodge, president of the American University in Beirut, and his wife were other friends who made their stay in Beirut a very happy one.

• • •

NORTH Shore Auxiliary of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children hold American Tea at the home of Mrs. S. W. Knowles, at Gordon.

Weather makes it possible for attractive stalls under gaily striped umbrellas on the lawn, and sum of £40 is raised for funds.

President Mrs. L. Audit tells me committee decide to hold stall at Gordon Station to sell remainder of goods.

• • •

SERVICE girls are asked to bring their parents and friends to "Musical afternoon tea" at The Australian Women's Weekly Club each Sunday, from 3.30 to 5.30.

Last Sunday artists are Marguerita Mays, Clare Hartge, and Anthony Strange.

Special plea to owners of gramophone records which would make half-hour programmes for these afternoons to ring Mrs. A. Shelton Smith at M2406 if they can make them available to the club for one afternoon.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT is just announced of Maud Agnes, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Burns, of Plumpton, Rooty Hill, to Lieut. John Dyer, A.I.F. (ret.), younger son of the late Mr. A. Dyer, and of Mrs. I. Bunker, of Croydon, Sydney.

• • •

LADY BUTTERS, Y.W.C.A. president, invites friends of Y.W.C.A. to tea there this Tuesday. Reason is Sydney Y.W.C.A. appeal, which is launched this week. Object of drive is to increase funds by £5000.

• • •

FREELANCE Younger Set announce that they raise £16 for Musical Society and £10 for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children by selling tickets for performance of "Mikado" at the Conservatorium.

Next project is skating party at the Glaciarium this Thursday. June Wolfenden and Constance Llewelyn are in charge.

HAT PARADE. Mrs. Leslie Dunlop (seated) and Mrs. Lennox Bode with hats shown at cocktail party at Australia Hotel this Thursday, and later sold at 17 Rowe Street for Red Cross funds.

S./O. E. M. BALL and Wran V. Morgan receive a cheery wave as they applaud Gen. MacArthur when he walked from conference with the Prime Minister one day last week.

CELEBRATING their engagement, Denise, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ryan, of Kingsford, and U.S. Pte. Robert Wolfe, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wolfe, of Pt. Jervis, New York, lunch together at Prince's.

WEDDING ceremony at Methodist Church, Drummoyne, for Beryl Pimm and Chief Petty-Officer Harold Smith, R.A.N.R. Last year Harold won the second prize of £500 in The Australian Women's Weekly Red Cross Art Union.

Beryl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. M. Pimm, of Chiswick, wears informal frock of blue crepe and coronet of flowers in hair.

Best man is her brother, Chief Petty-Officer Frank Pimm, R.A.N.R., just home on leave after 12 months at sea. Bridesmaid is Phyllis Pimm.

• • •

AUGUST wedding planned by Marjorie, eldest daughter of Signalman and Mrs. G. Neville, of North Sydney, and Lieut. Alvin Ross Gardner, A.I.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gardner, of Mosman.

• • •

MEMBERS of Polish-Australian Ballet take part in third anniversary of "Wednesday Night Entertainment for the Services," celebrated at Christ Church St. Laurence Hall, 505 Pitt Street. Mrs. Ben Edye and Miss Lilian Frost have arranged these "Wednesday Nights" since first performance.

Mrs. Edye and Miss Frost worked together through the last war providing similar entertainment for services.

• • •

WEDDING at St. Philip's for Peggy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Barrett, of Longueville, when she marries Captain Moir Alexander, A.I.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander, also of Longueville.

Peggy's cousin, Joan Roseby, is her only attendant, and bridegroom's brother, Major Munro Alexander, A.I.F., is best man.

ALL KHAKI WEDDING. Corporal James Cornell and his bride, Corporal Joan Horan, A.W.A.S., surrounded by A.W.A.S. guard of honor on church steps after their wedding in a northern area.

EDUCATION MINISTER, Clive Evatt, who opens Red Cross Art Show at Blaxland Galleries, listens while artist Nan Horton explains one of her paintings.

SERVICE WEDDING. Captain Cecil Chrystal, A.I.F., and his bride formerly Sergeant Phyllis Turton, A.W.A.S., leave St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLDS WED. Sergeant-Pilot Kenneth O'Gower and his bride, Joan Trusler, who are both only eighteen, leaving St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

Heard Around TOWN

HOSTESSES of Arrows Club for Servicewomen, 440 Edgecliff Road, busy practising Dutch dance steps tutored by fellow hostess Jo Tyndall.

This in preparation for "Evening Round the Zuiderzee" dance at the club on June 19.

Menu shows fascinating items, such as "Kokend heete chocolade," which is, in English, "Piping hot chocolate." You wouldn't need to be a linguist, however, to translate the next item, "Frankfurt met mosterd."

• • •

TO raise funds for N.S.W. Railways War Fund, staff of Sydney Parcels Office will hold their first annual ball at Sargent's Ballroom, Market Street, on June 3. Miss E. Gabriel is president, and Gordon Furness is treasurer, and proceeds will go towards providing comforts for railway men in the Services.

• • •

MRS. ROLAND FOSTER holds shower tea at her home in Darling Point in honor of Enith Clarke, whose wedding to Mr. Alexander Sverjensky takes place on June 24. Reception will be at the Pickwick Club.

• • •

SERVICE engagement announced: Corporal Veneda Olive Donelly, A.W.A.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Donelly, of Chatswood, announces her engagement to Captain Thomas Walter McGee, A.I.F., elder son of the late Mr. G. P. McGee and of Mrs. McGee, of South Grafton.

Betty

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Simple notions to revive last year's togs . . .

• A green-and-tan tweed frock will look like a brand new model with the addition of a front weskit of tan wool. Use the old bodice to make slant pockets and collar.

• A slinky brown frock that you are bored with achieves new glamor with an ice-blue tunic top, made from a remnant or cut down from another old frock.

• That simple little wool dirndl offers endless opportunities for renovations. For instance you might cut off the top and add contrasting yoke and sleeves. This one is interpreted in grey with delphinium-blue.

• A honey-beige wool frock, designed on casual tailored lines, will take a new lease of life if you pep it up with deft touches of cyclamen fringe. A saucy pompadour toque in cyclamen felt or fabric gives the final flourish.

• That faintly world-weary dressmaker suit in wood-brown wool looks very much like this year's model if you add an eye-catching shoulder yoke of beige widely margined with emerald-green. With it a floppy green beret.

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Quick! banish that Headache

BAYER

BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BOTTLE OF 24, 1/3
BOTTLE OF 100, 4/-

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because it can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart. Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure — to relieve aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 90 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/6 (12-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day. M60

Be Sure to Get Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Gay color touches

FOUR POMPONS of sun-yellow wool are given green raffia stems and tied to a bundle of matching raffia. Laraine Day pins the attractive fob to the lapel of her tailored cream suit.

BONITA GRANVILLE, at the top right, proudly displays her engaging owl clip, made of felt and wool—its claws clutching a real twig.

DRAMATIC NECKLACE made of bands of crocheted wool highlighted with wool pompons. RKO star Anne Shirley shows how to make the pompons—wind the wool round the fingers, fasten in the middle, and clip ends. Easy to make and fun to wear.

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME MORLEY ON UNDERWEAR

ECZEMA ITCH

Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm NOW 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

An operation is performed only a few hundred yards from the front line. This operation saved the life of a man who could not have stood the trip back to the main dressing station.

The lives of many wounded fighting men can now be saved . . . lives which would be lost but for the blood which goes to war—in Pyrex!

This is the miracle of the "blood-bank"—a precious store of the essence of life—transported over thousands of miles—and instantly available for transfusion, even on the field of battle.

The vats in which your Pyrex dishes were made are now producing Blood Bank containers . . . that is why you should care for your Pyrex, for replacement is difficult. The needs of war . . . the saving of life . . . must come first!

BLOOD BANK EQUIPMENT IS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

AGEE PYREX

Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory, and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

By PEG McCARTNEY

NOTHING strikes such a false note in this day and age as small-fry jewels. A dejected-looking string of pearls, insignificant clips and bracelets do little to cheer up your winter wardrobe. Accents nowadays are imposing, entertaining, witty . . . they are not constrained by the fashion canons of any school, but reflect your own individuality.

Recently a California designer introduced an effective range of costume jewellery, all made from materials approved by the War Production Board for use on "non-essentials" like jewellery.

Best part about these fetching gadgets are they're so simple to make yourself from odd pieces of felt or fabric, scraps of wool, ribbon, raffia, and beads. Half a dozen bright wool pompons with green raffia stems, tied into a bundle, will bring welcome gaiety to a tweed lapel, and you can make them in a jiffy.

Mad little birds and animals can be concocted from minute pieces of felt and wool, and dozens of wool pompons sewn on to a long strand of crocheted wool will bring deft flashes of color if wound round the neckline and wrists of an otherwise plain black frock.

If you're bored with your earrings, try fixing a couple of saucy little ribbon bows on to them, or for important evening dates you might consider disguising them with tiny posies of baby pink roses and forget-me-nots. It's a charming idea, but try it only with your severest frock.

This season there's no need to bankrupt yourself for your quota of glitter.

De Witt's Pills

A GREAT HELP FOR BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble— heed the danger sign—cleanse and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere; prices 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.

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CLASSIC HANDKNIT

● Nothing cheap-looking about this slenderising, form-fitting jumper . . . it's perfectly styled.

NOTE unusual yoke, the clever way cable stitch is introduced into the jumper.

Here are the directions:

Materials: Patons' super Scotch fingering wool, 4-ply, 10ozs.; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles; crochet hook; press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20ins.; width all round at underarm, 34-36ins.; length of sleeve underarm, 18ins.

Tension: 7 sts. to the inch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 123 sts.

1st Row: *K 3, p 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 1, p 2, k 1, * p 3, k 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1, repeat 1st and 2nd rows for 3½ins.

Change to No. 9 needles and continue in rib until work measures 13ins. from commencement. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next two rows, dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 87 sts. remain, continue without shaping until work measures 19½ins. Shape for shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 9 sts., turn.

SHOWING SECTION of yoke. Cable stitch effectively combines with rib and plain in this jumper.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 18 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 28 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 126 sts.

1st Row: (K 3, p 1) 15 times, k 6 (p 1, k 3) 15 times.

2nd Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3 k 1) 14 times, p 6, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 14 times, p 2, k 1, repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: (K 3, p 1) 15 times, taking a third needle, slip the next 3 sts. on to it, letting this needle fall to the front of the work, knit the next 3 sts., then knit 3 sts. from spare needle (the crossing of these 6 sts. will now be termed cable throughout), (p 1, k 3) 15 times.

8th Row: Like 2nd row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

17th Row: Like 7th row. Continue in this manner, making a cable in every 10th row until work measures 3¾ins. Change to No. 9 needles and work until 10 cables have been completed.

1st Row: Wrong side k 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 13 times, k 4, p 6, k 4 (k 1, p 3) 13 times, k 1, p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: (K 3, p 1) 14 times, k 14 (p 1, k 3) 14 times, repeat 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 12 times, k 8, p 6, k 8 (k 1, p 3) 12 times, k 1, p 2, k 1.

6th Row: (K 3, p 1) 13 times, k 22 (p 1, k 3) 13 times, repeat 5th and 6th rows once.

9th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 11 times, k 12, p 6, k 12 (k 1, p 3) 11 times, k 1, p 2, k 1.

10th Row: (K 3, p 1) 12 times, k 12, cable, k 12 (p 1, k 3) 12 times. Repeat 9th and 10th rows once, omitting cable.

13th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 10 times, k 16, p 6, k 16 (k 1, p 3) 10 times, k 1, p 2, k 1.

14th Row: (K 3, p 1) 11 times, k 38 (p 1, k 3) 11 times, repeat 13th and 14th rows once.

17th Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 9 times, k 20, p 6, k 20 (k 1, p 3) 9 times, k 1, p 2, k 1.

18th Row: (K 3, p 1) 10 times, k 46 (p 1, k 3) 10 times.

Repeat 17th and 18th rows once, working a cable as before in 20th row.

21st Row: Same as 17th row. Continue in pattern until work measures 13ins. from commencement. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 106 sts. remain.

THIS JUMPER has been designed for long, distinctive service. The original was knitted in forest-green, but you can make it in any color to suit yourself. Shoulders are well extended, and the line of cable stitching adds to the smart effect. Five coupons required for wool.

1st Row: (Wrong side) k 1 (k 1, p 3) 5 times, k 1, p 2, p 2 tog., p 3, k 21, p 6, k 21, p 2, p 2 tog. (p 3, k 1) 6 times, k 1.

2nd Row: K 2 tog. (k 3, p 1) 5 times, cable (k 21, cable) twice, (p 1, k 3) 5 times, k 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 1 (p 3, k 1) 5 times, p 6 (k 21, p 6) twice, (k 1, p 3) 5 times, k 1.

Still dec. once at each end of needle in alternate rows and keeping continuity of pattern and cables in every 10th row as before, work until 88 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 18ins. from commencement.

Next Row: (Right side) k 1, p 1 (k 3, p 1) 3 times, k 24. Cast off 12 sts., k 24 (p 1, k 3) 3 times, p 1, k 1. Continue in pattern on these 38 sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row until 28 sts. remain. When armhole measures same as back armhole shape for shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: Work to last 9 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 18 sts., turn.

4th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

Work other shoulder to correspond, working shapings at opposite end of needle. Sew up right shoulder seam.

Right side of work, using No. 12 needles, pick up 96 sts. evenly around neck.

1st Row: * K 1, p 3, repeat from * to last 4 sts., k 1, p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: * K 3, p 1, repeat from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

Repeat these 2 rows for 1in. Cast off.

Continued on page 29

COLDS are a confession of neglect. There is no excuse, if mouth and throat are kept germ free.

To prevent colds, gargle morning and night with Listerine Antiseptic, which kills the millions of germs which swarm in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic helps you ward off colds.

Obtainable in three sizes: 1/6, 3/-, 5/9.

LISTERINE

THE safe ANTISEPTIC

Distinguished British Beauty

The Lady Rosemary Gresham is the daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll. She too follows the famous Pond's beauty ritual. Listen to what she says, "I've found Pond's Cold Cream perfect for cleansing and stimulating the skin, and Pond's Vanishing Cream has made my skin look younger, smoother and clearer." You can make your skin lovelier by following the Pond's beauty ritual.

Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply *lightly* before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness — and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

SAY! THIS HELPS ALL YOUR COLD!

IT'S WONDERFUL how *much* relief your child gets from his cold when you simply rub Vicks VapoRub on his chest throat, and back at bedtime.

This one simple treatment clears stuffy nose, soothes sore throat, eases tight chest and relieves coughing—*all at one time!*

Try it tonight, for *extra* quick relief. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

ONE SIMPLE TREATMENT DOES ALL THIS:

CLEARS STUFFY NOSE Healing vapours, inhaled with every breath, soothe irritation, make breathing easy . . .

EASES TIGHT CHEST, SORE THROAT At the same time, just like a warming poultice, VapoRub "loosens" chest tightness, eases pain.

RELIEVES COUGHING With irritation soothed, mouth-breathing stopped, the child's coughing is relieved.

JUST RUB ON VICKS VAPORUB

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Sistex) to-day. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/-, 2/-. Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Cystex

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* Hard workers, both, but THEY COULDN'T MAKE THE GRADE...

THE HARDER YOUR JOB, THE MORE REASON TO USE LIFEBUOY

W.71.1

Aunt Polly says...

If a woman says she doesn't enjoy a bit o' gossip she'll fib about other things, too.

* * *

If our sewing circle never accomplished anything else, at least it's taught a lot o' my neighbours that you can't beat Rinso on washday for breezy-bright coloureds and spanking clean whites!

* * *

Twenty years from now I'd a lot rather be remembered for the pies I made than for the bridge hands I didn't make.

* * *

Getting along without friends is sometimes easier than getting along with 'em.

* * *

Lucky is the woman who has Rinso in the tub on washday! There's no need for hard rubbing with these rich creamy suds on the job. Imagine the savin' on precious silks and woollies!

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.78.1

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TAILORED STYLE in keeping with the uniform. The girl pictured above is a driver in the A.T.S. Hair is parted at side and is softly rolled around head.

VARIATION of the short cut which suits nearly all types. Contrast this with the informal style shown right. "Off the collar," of course, is the rule for servicewomen.

MANY GIRLS will want to copy the snappy hair-do worn by the blonde beauty pictured above. To be effective this style needs clever manipulation. But if you like it, try it out.

This is the way they dress their hair in England . . .

AN INFORMAL and girlish style which should never be worn by the plump type or by anyone with a shortish neck. Still, it's up to you!

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE STYLE suitable for girls in uniform is shown in the first picture above. The next two feature off-the-face-and-down-to-shoulder hair styles; one with a centre parting, the other with side parting. The girl with a round face should not affect a centre parting. And when hair is worn shoulder-length care should be taken in dressing. Constant grooming is necessary, otherwise your locks may look wild and unkempt. Every girl should contrive to get a back view of her hairdress in the mirror—for beauty's sake.

CHILDREN'S NIGHT COUGHS STOP QUICK SWEET SLEEP RETURNS

Three-way benefit from peppermint, carrageen and thymus

You can give your youngsters quick relief from that tight, screwed-up feeling in the chest and stop that rasping, hacking, church-yard cough quickly with MOUNTAIN MIXTURE. The warming, penetrating thymus, carrageen and peppermint ease coughs instantly. They soothe strained inflamed membranes, relieve congestion, break phlegm, stop stomach upsets. Don't let dangerous coughs persist. Get Mountain Mixture. Benefits guaranteed—or money back.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Mount-tain NEW PEPPERMINT Mixture

Soothes Deep Down for Coughs, Colds and Flu

'NUGGET'

MAKES THE SHINE AND THE SHOES

LAST LONGER

The hard-pressed man of middle-age

The middle-aged man faced with the necessity of working harder than ever at a time of life when his natural inclination is to relax sometimes feels the need of a spur to urge him along the path of duty.

There is a spur for such a man which can be used at will, for short or long periods as circumstances demand or the results dictate. While it does not goad the faculties into immediate and abnormal activity, neither is its use succeeded by a state of reaction. Rather, it imparts an increasing impetus, not only to the faculties, but to the functioning of the whole constitution of such a man. He begins to feel keener, more vigorous and alive.

Therefore, to call "Phyllosan" a spur is hardly to do it justice. It has been more aptly said that "Phyllosan" is "more than a tonic, *it actually prolongs the prime of life.*"

PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London

PRE-NATAL EXERCISE

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the pre-natal period proper exercise is of the utmost importance. The daily walk and the ordinary activities of housework (especially when the body is correctly used) are very helpful in the toning-up of muscles.

In addition, the expectant mother should do a few special exercises. These will help her immensely.

A leaflet describing these special exercises has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request, with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

The SECRET of BLONDE HAIR

Why it needs a SPECIAL Shampoo

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It spells personality — charm — allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you **extra** attractiveness. Men look twice.

Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. **Never let your blonde hair darken.** Keep it fair **always** with Sta-blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-blond will **bring back** its glorious golden sparkle and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. **For Sta-blond is made specially for blondes**—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail. Sta-blond is safe. No dyes—no injurious bleaches. Its precious Vitaf nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

STA-BLOND

Dining, Dancing

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Test your knowledge. Here are a few questions answered by Alleyne Leslie.

Q: Sue is a smart young rookie. Dining out with her boy-friend on leave, who should come up to the table but his Colonel! Should she—

1. Exercise her feminine right of remaining seated while being introduced?
2. Stand, in accordance with military etiquette?

A: *To get full marks, Sue, you must rise. If the Colonel's susceptible to feminine charm, he'll soon put you at your ease. Be ready for such moments with a complexion kept flawless and flower-fresh by Erasmic Cold Cream. Even a desert-scorched Colonel has a heart that can be melted by a sweet, satiny skin.*

Q: Who should lead the way to the recherché table in the corner—

1. The lady?
2. Her escort?
3. The waiter?

A: *Waiter, if available; otherwise let the escort find it. And please don't spoil his "dream girl" by fumbling for a powder compact after the coffee! You won't need to if you've put on a glamorising foundation of Erasmic Vanishing Cream before your date. Holds powder even through a cheek-to-cheek waltz!*

Q: Jane's sister has a handsome new fiancé, but when dining out he seems to prefer petting Janie. What's more, she likes him, too! Remembering the wedding day hasn't yet been announced, should she—

1. Give him every encouragement?
2. Flirt, but draw the line at anything serious?
3. Go out of her way to put the matter on a brother and sister basis?

A: *No. 3 will always pay, Jane dear. Hold him at a discreet arm's length and get to work on that sister fast! Lend her your Erasmic Creams. Show her how Erasmic gives that radiant complexion that holds a man through ANY crisis.*

ERASMIC VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS

In tubes and jars 1/2d.

E.3024

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My Son and I

I AM AN AUSTRALIAN

There are just the two of us now. My son and I. I have taught my son to throw back his shoulders like that.

But we still cling to each other in the darkness when I kiss him goodnight . . . and I wait beside him until he sleeps because it is hard for a little boy to be brave when he has lost his soldier hero — his Dad.

As we sit there I let him talk about his Dad and I try to explain to him why men and women have to fight.

I tell him — " No. Dad didn't fight just because he hated the Germans. He died for a very wonderful belief. He believed in precious things like Democracy, the right to say what you think, to worship as you please, to live as a free citizen . . . "

Those are big things to talk about to a little boy, but of this I am already sure . . . he knows that his Dad gave his life for him so that he shall grow up a free man.

My son, and your son, must grow up loving freedom, as fiercely as we love them. We, their mothers, gave them life but only democratic Freedom makes that life worth living.

We have seen enough of what all other forms of Government do to mothers and their sons. Our bodies shall never bear children to become the tools of a regimented dictatorship.

So I am keeping my son's eyes right on Freedom's light ahead because here, in this country we love, there is so much opportunity for every mother's son.

Perhaps all things are not as you want them. Or as I want them. But we are free and honoured women — free to raise our voice, to vote, to have all those things done that must be done.

Let us make sure that in the years of re-building after this war the voices of the mothers of Australia will be heard. The time has come for us to do more than nourish our children — clothe them — shelter them.

We have a new World to build for our children. It must be built as we mothers want to see it built. Let all of us realise that Democracy depends on us.

• • •

Kraft Cheese is in heavy demand by the authorities for our fighting boys! So that our fighters up front and Australia's fighting citizens can continue to be supplied with those body-building minerals and vitamins, our employees have produced over 100% more Kraft Cheese than last year — and we're proud of them.

THE KRAFT WALKER CHEESE COMPANY PTY. LTD.

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Winter-time fare

AMERICAN Biscuit Whirls, well seasoned, were baked on top of the casserole of veal, pictured at left. Try them seasoned with cheese, or spread with bacon paste before rolling. Serve hot and freshly made, straight from the oven to the table. See recipe on this page.

FROM POT TO PLATE

... featuring casserole recipes

● Who wants to save time, energy, money? ... You all do ... Right! Get out your casseroles—china, glass or metal. Cook in them and set them on the table. Recipes on this page are planned for casserole cookery.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THOSE middle serving dishes can often be forgotten. Kitchen ware can look gay on the dining table. It matches peasant or colored linen cloths of the easily-laundered variety.

It saves washing up and the time and energy involved (not to mention the occasional family atmosphere).

Set a shining aluminium pan on a bright plate, or an enamel pan with a colored napkin folded around it on a dish, and serve hot and steaming out of the oven on to the table.

This type of covered oven dish is designed for long, slow cooking methods.

This is the method to choose for cooking those tough, cheaper cuts of meat.

Of course, the thing not mentioned in the dining-room is that the casserole is merely an oven stewpan and a meat en casserole is stewed meat. But oh! what a tantalising dish a cook who cares can make of the humble stew!

I tried recently in our testing kitchen a delicious creation of breast of mutton simmered long in a stock fragrant with garden herbs—not too much and not too little. Served with little cheese dumplings dropped into the stock twenty minutes before serving it defied the label of economy dish.

It cost a few pence only, but was meat fit to set before a king.

Little round neck slices also had a try-out in a new way: Simmered for two hours in a sharp brown sauce flavored with finely-chopped kidneys, and served in the casserole in which they were cooked, they tasted like luxury food.

Have you tried a casserole of chump chops with turnip the only vegetable in the pot? It is a change to the palate and no one will say, "What, stew again?"

Here's a despatch to the kitchen front that must not be forgotten: Long, slow cooking tenderises meat and in no way lowers its food value.

Long, slow cooking destroys much of the value of vegetables.

So, when adding vegetables to the casserole or stew, allow only just sufficient time to make them palatable.

FRICASSEE OF MUTTON

(With whole onions and spinach fritters)

Two pounds best end neck chops, small bunch of fresh garden herbs, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon milk powder, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 to 6 whole onions.

Place chops in a casserole. Season, add the tiny bunch of herbs (parsley, mint, rosemary, sweet basil, and such-like), add the water, and cover. Cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Remove herbs. Add milk powder and flour, mixed to a smooth, thin paste with cold water. Stir in. Place prepared onions on the meat, cover, and cook a further 30 minutes.

To make the spinach fritters: Dip spoonfuls of cooked, well-seasoned spinach into a fritter batter and deep fry a golden brown. Serve hot and freshly made.

CASSEROLE OF VEAL

(With American Biscuit Whirls)

Two pounds breast, neck or shoulder of veal, 1 tablespoon fat, preferably bacon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Cut meat off bones and fry lightly in fat. Remove from pan and place in casserole. Fry the onion, add the flour, brown, and add the boiling water and seasoning. Pour into the casserole. Cover and simmer gently for 1½ hours in a slow oven (325 deg. F.). Remove from oven and increase heat of oven. Top the meat with American Biscuit Whirls and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for a further 10 to 15 minutes.

To make the American Biscuit Whirls: Sift four tablespoons of self-raising flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Rub in 1 teaspoon of butter and 1 tablespoon grated cheese and mix to a soft dough. Roll to a thin oblong sheet, brush with milk and cut across in sections. Cook on top of the meat.

BRAISED ROLLED BREAST OF LAMB

(With dumplings)

Rolled breast of lamb, about 2lbs., 1 onion, 1 small bouquet of herbs, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups boiling water, pepper and salt.

Have butcher bone and roll the breast of lamb. Brown in the fuming dripping and then lift into a casserole. Slice onion and lightly fry. Add flour, brown, and stir in boiling water. Season and pour into casserole. Add a small bunch of fresh garden herbs. Cover and cook in slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 2 hours.

To make the dumplings: Sift 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and a good dash of pepper. Mix with 2oz. finely-chopped shredded suet. Mix to a soft dough. Roll into small balls and cook in the liquid in the casserole for 20-30 minutes. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CABBAGE ROLL HOT-POT

(With fresh or cooked mince meat)

One pound minced meat, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup white sauce, flour, pepper and salt, half cabbage (or the outside leaves of a whole cabbage), 1½ cups stock, bacon fat or well-flavored beef dripping.

Combine meat, onion, bacon, parsley, breadcrumbs, and sauce. Season and shape into small rolls and roll in flour. Separate the cabbage leaves, wash and parboil them for 2 minutes. Wrap each meat roll in a cabbage leaf and secure with small wooden pick. Place in casserole, shred remainder of cabbage and place on top. Season lightly, dot with bacon fat or well-flavored beef dripping, and add hot stock. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes for cooked meat, 1 hour when uncooked meat used.

CASSEROLE OF LAMBS' HEARTS

(With scalloped tomatoes)

Four lambs' hearts, small bunch of garden herbs, water or stock to cover, 1 onion, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt.

Wash the hearts thoroughly. Place in a casserole with a small bunch of herbs, a sliced onion, and 1 or 2 slices of lemon. Cover with water and then place on lid. Cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 2 hours. Remove from casserole and slice. Strain liquid and thicken with flour and season to taste. Add the sliced heart to the sauce. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

To scallop the tomatoes: Slice the tomatoes and place in layers in a greased oven-proof dish, with seasoned crumbs. Add a little moistening only, and dot with butter or bacon fat. Bake until cooked and lightly browned, about 20 minutes.

SAVORY RABBIT CASSEROLE

(Serve with crisp bacon rolls)

One rabbit, 3 sheep's kidneys, 2 stalks celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper, salt, 1 pint stock or water.

Soak rabbit and kidneys for ½ hour in warm water. Dry and cut rabbit into joints, skin kidneys and slice. Melt dripping, coat rabbit joints and kidneys with seasoned flour and fry until lightly browned. Place in a casserole. Add the flour to the hot fat, and brown, and then stir in the water, chopped celery, onions, and herbs. Stir until boiling. Pour over the rabbit, cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1½ hours.

CASSEROLE OF NECK OF MUTTON

(Seasoned with kidneys)

Two and a half pounds neck of mutton cut in round slices, 3 sheep's kidneys, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2½ cups boiling water, pepper and salt.

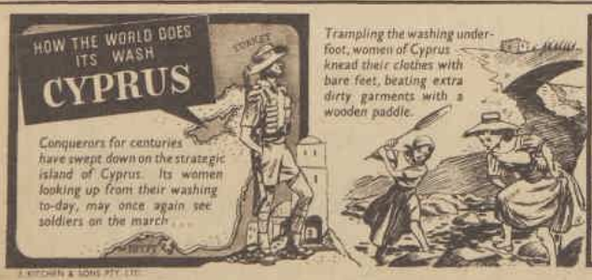
Lightly fry neck slices and place in casserole. Pour boiling water over kidneys; drain and chop. Fry the onion and bacon, add flour and brown. Stir in liquid and bring to boil and season. Sprinkle the kidneys over the chops. Add the liquid, cover and cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 2 hours.

BRAISED LIVER

(With stuffing)

One calf's liver, about 2lb., 1½ cups seasoned bread stuffing, flour, pepper and salt, 3 or 4 strips of salt pork or bacon, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Wash liver and dry. Make an incision in the thickest part, using a sharp knife. Fill with stuffing and sew edges together. Place in casserole, dredge with flour and seasoning, and place pork or bacon on top. Add stock or water and vinegar. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. About 10 minutes before serving remove lid. Thicken gravy in pan and serve with the meat.



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A food of inestimable value when light diet is indicated

OFTEN, when other foods are rejected by the stomach, Horlicks proves to be the only food that the system will retain and assimilate. Horlicks is easily digested even by the most delicate system.

THE revivifying effect of Horlicks is most marked. It contains milk sugar and malt sugars which pass into the blood-stream very quickly, creating energy and warmth almost immediately.

AS a tissue-repairer, Horlicks is of undoubted value, since it contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein and a useful percentage of mixed carbohydrates. Thus it definitely assists the physical building-up process after illness.

EVEN when the patient has a poor appetite, Horlicks is welcomed because of its delicious flavour. And the preparation of Horlicks entails no bother or fuss—it needs neither milk nor sugar. The milk is already in Horlicks—rich, full-cream milk—and the natural sugars make it sweet enough for most tastes. Nor is Horlicks expensive.

Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

HORLICKS

BURNING PAINS of indigestion quickly relieved

when you take Bisurated Magnesia. Bisurated Magnesia neutralises excess acids . . . protects the tender stomach lining . . . aids in a speedy return to normal digestion.
BISURATED MAGNESIA
(Trade Mark "Bismag")

Sold at all chemists and stores.

LAXETTES

Chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable.
Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company. Standard Tin, 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial Tin, 6d.

I.S.1

The Admiral's Daughters

Continued from page 2

BUT two years passed. She was twenty-one and still unmarried, not even engaged.

Little Muffer felt dashed in more ways than one. For he had expected better of Stroud. Especially after having seen him, just thirty hours almost to a minute from the time he had first set eyes on Bos'n—seen him with both his arms around her, kissing her good-night at the door of their suite. He had not meant to spy. He'd just happened to see it, sitting in the dark looking out at his ships at anchor in the bay.

And when Bos'n came in with a gay hum of song and switched on the lights she had never looked more radiant. He had waited, his own pulse quickened, to hear her tell him that she was engaged.

Little Muffer recalled that disappointment as he walked the quarterdeck of his flagship this final night in his years of command. At the truck his blue flag with its four white stars was astir in the last night breeze it would feel. For to-morrow Holbrook would haul it down. To-morrow he would be sixty-four, the retirement age. He was through to-morrow.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I don't see what you've got to complain about. I'm carrying your golf bag as well as my own."

Not just himself; the name of Holbrook was finished, too. It was something like death. Only, to die seemed a simple end compared with this other.

He took a last look at the scented mountains standing sombrely under the moon, at the blinking signal lamps of his ships, then turned from the deck and went briskly below to his cabin. Alex Stroud was waiting at his door.

"Come in, Mr. Stroud. Like to see you a minute. You've—ah—received your transfer order?"

"Yes, Admiral; and I want to thank you, sir, for your recommendation. Just what I'd hoped for—gunnery officer in the Phoenix."

"Umph," went Holbrook. "Very good ship, new and fast."

There was more than envy in the Admiral's heart as his eyes inspected the young lieutenant. There was disappointment in it, too. He had wanted this lad as a son-in-law.

"By the way, have you any news of my daughter?" he asked.

Stroud said evenly, "Not of late, sir. From the little I gather, Barbara seems to be very busy in Philadelphia."

"Umph. So she writes. Has a sister there. Lives first with one and then another, when she isn't dashing to meet the old man. Well, I'll be seeing her soon, no doubt. Umph. I'll tell her you're back with the guns." . . .

For the last time the Admiral slept in his flagship. After breakfast he went to his bridge, his battle station, to look at his ships. Through his glasses he studied them one by one, the heavy waggons in line of divisions, the cruisers, aircraft-carriers, destroyers, even the hospital ship, riding the ebb on the edge of the train. Already the captains were coming aboard.

A barge came sparking across the harbor, to swing into place on the starboard quarter. The pipes started shrilling their sailor's welcome, and Rear-Admiral Ladd, Holbrook's chief-of-staff, stood ready to greet the top-ranker aboard. As the band burst into a spirited march Little Muffer turned, hearing Stroud on the bridge.

"Beg pardon, sir, we've just had the signal. Admiral Ackers is ready to start."

Holbrook nodded. His successor!

"Very good, my boy. It won't be long now!" He grinned at Stroud. For forty-five years Little Muffer had learned to conceal emotion. He was better at this sort of thing than Stroud. The latter, for all his poise, looked flushed, excited with so much ceremony in which he was playing a part.

From the deck Stroud shaded his eyes with one hand to glance at a huge plane gunning its motors as it swung in a circle.

"There's the clipper from San Francisco, sir."

"Umph," grunted Holbrook. "Commercial planes . . . no business flying over the fleet."

He moved in a sort of trance-like daze as the minutes approached his execution. Now he waited, the flagship's skipper behind him, to receive the man who was taking his job. The side boys stood at rigid salute while boatswain's mates piped Ackers over the side, and the latter paid his respects to the ensign flapping its stripes at the vessel's stern.

Good sailor. A more than worthy successor. Little Muffer acknowledged this as he watched him, his weathered face, his calm grey eyes.

They were formed on deck just aft of the turret, the retiring commander in front of his staff, the fleet's new Cincus wearing three stripes over the wide gold band on each sleeve; officials from shore and junior admirals; the captains of all the fighting units; the flagship's crew in spotless ranks.

Every eye was on him as Little Muffer cleared his throat to say farewell.

"For me," he said slowly, "to-day is poignant," and then his lips quirked as he forced a quick grin. "The cable's parted. As some of you are doubtless aware, there has been a Holbrook in the Navy ever since the days of John Paul Jones. Well, the Lord called a halt to that. I'm the last of the line. But I leave you proud—proud of the men who have served under me, proud of the ships, and proud of the sailor who's taking my place—my friend, Tom Ackers."

He paused. There was something peculiar about them, the smiles of those captains ranged before him. They seemed to be very amused about something. As though they all thought it delightful that Little Muffer, the end of his line, had had five daughters but no son.

He stiffened. His eyes went impersonal, hard. Crisply he read that final order relieving him of further duty, then braced himself for what followed. Now the "firing squad" would finish him off. Boom! . . . Boom! . . . Boom! . . . Seventeen in all. The salute gun shot the allotted rounds for Commander-in-Chief of the battle fleet, and one by one he counted them through.

On that final gun his flag came down. Now a signalman was unbending it deftly to clear the halyard for his successor's. Holbrook's long career had ended.

Again the seventeen-gun salute boomed over the bay.

And now Admiral Ackers was having his say. Very nice of Tom to be speaking so handsomely over the bier of the dear departed; yet Little Muffer detected once more that strange amused note, as if there were something subtly funny which he, for all his quick wit, did not see! What was the matter with everyone?

The topside ceremony had ended. He was back in the cabin which had served him as home throughout his years of supreme command. His staff were there to bid him good-bye, and a throng of others from shipboard and shore.

Please turn to page 31

New *Under-arm* **Cream Deodorant** *safely* **Stops Perspiration**

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9½d jars.
At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

Trust between men . . . .

Human relationships depend for their happiness upon trust. Without trust there can be no exchange of goods—nor of goodwill.

Since 1869, the reputation of Heinz Pure Foods has steadily grown throughout the world, because they were to be trusted—for quality, for flavour and for purity.

Heinz for their part, pledge themselves to keep to their policy of providing only the pick of the world's harvests—you may therefore continue to place your trust in the familiar Heinz keystone label, for now, when you see it during the war years, you will know it guarantees the same good nourishing food, not debased for mere war-time expedience.

Stocks of Heinz goods will not always be large, for obvious reasons. But when your grocer can supply, remember he offers you in every package "Heinz quality for a few pence"—the embodiment of the trust between men that *must* flourish *if man is to survive.*

HEINZ
57
VARIETIES

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.

H43-2

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Egg-saving recipes

● Seasonal, economical, and interesting recipes carry off the prizes each week. Join the enterprising band—send us your cookery triumph! It may be a winner!

EGGS are not only nutritional necessities on the menu, but they appear to belong to the essential list of ingredients for everyday cookery.

A little ingenuity can go a long way, however. Kitchen experiments have created a number of eggless cake and pudding recipes. The accustomed breakfast egg, too, can be replaced by light savory dishes, seasoned fried breads, batter cakes with bacon, savory griddle cakes and savory fruits with bacon. They proved a great success in The Australian Women's Weekly Testing Kitchen.

Try these recipes suggested by other readers.

DON'T COOK all your vegetables. Grated raw carrot, grated young turnips, and grated young beetroot are delicately flavored additions to salads.

BREAKFAST DISHES
(Egg-Saving Ways)

1.—French toast requires eggs. Dip the bread in eggs and milk (1 cup milk to 1 egg), and fry until golden brown on each side in a pan containing about half a cup of hot bacon fat. Serve hot with bacon, or, for a sweet, serve hot with jam or jelly.

2.—Make a batter mixture as you would for a Yorkshire pudding (4oz. self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, 1 egg), and put in the oven about half an hour before breakfast. Drop a little bacon on top of the mixture before placing the dish in the oven. Served with gravy from last night's roast or stew it makes an appetising cold morning meal.

3.—Another way: Make a batter for hot cakes or griddle cakes (4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup milk). These are made with wholemeal flour and served with syrup and honey or butter. For those who like a combination of sweet and savory, rashers of bacon may be served also.

4.—Slices of egg-fruit dipped in seasoned flour, egg, and breadcrumbs fried until golden brown and served with bacon, provide another appetising breakfast.

5.—Apples sliced and baked in the oven under strips of bacon and served with fried bread are welcome on mornings when eggs are not available. Vary this dish by using bananas sliced lengthwise instead of apples. Or bake apples stuffed with small sausages or sausage meat.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush, N.S.W.

MELBOURNE PUDDING
(No eggs)

One cup flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs (wheatmeal or white), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup suet (finely chopped), ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Mix all together, then add 1 tablespoon jam. Lastly, 1 small teaspoon of baking soda in small cup of milk. Steam for 2 hours. Serve with boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Bohane, Hamson Terrace, Wavell Heights, Brisbane.

PEASE PUDDING is traditional winter fare: Soak dried peas overnight, drain, flavor with herbs, bind with white sauce or beaten egg, and steam in a cloth or mould for 2½ hours. Serve hot.

ROCK FLAT PLUM PUDDING
(No Eggs)

One small cup shredded suet, 1 large cup brown sugar, 1 large cup plain flour, 2 large cups breadcrumbs, 2 large cups fruit, peel and spice to taste, 1½ large cups warm milk, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 large tablespoon treacle dissolved in milk.

Add soda and milk to dry ingredients. Steam 2½ hours in basin without cloth. Serve with plain sauce to which is added 1 teaspoon of treacle. Costs 1/6.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Knights, Phillip Court, Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

APPLE CAKE
(A delicious moist cake made without eggs)

One cup sugar (small cup if the apples are sweet), ½ cup butter, 1½ cups warm stewed apple (cooked without sugar), 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 small teaspoons carbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ cup chopped raisins or dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts (optional), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar. Dissolve the soda in the apples, which should be on the wet side, and stir into the sugar and butter. Add the dry ingredients, and fruit and nuts last. Bake in two sandwich-tins 20 minutes to half an hour.

Filling: Half cup butter beaten well into 1 cup icing sugar, till creamy. If butter is warmed slightly it creams more easily. Add vanilla and ½ cup each of chopped raisins or dates and nuts. Put filling between cake while still warm, as the warmth slightly melts the creamy butter and it sticks together.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. J. Brown, Post Office House, Queenstown, Tas.

Classic Handknit

Continued from page 23

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts.

1st Row: (K 3, p 1) 6 times, k 6 (p 1, k 3) 6 times.

2nd Row: K 1, p 2, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 5 times, p 6, k 1 (p 3, k 1) 5 times, p 2, k 1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: (K 3, p 1) 6 times, cable, (p 1, k 3) 6 times.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

17th Row: Same as 7th row. Continue working in pattern, making a cable in every 10th row until work measures 3½ins. Change to No. 9 needles and, still keeping continuity of pattern, inc. once at each end of needle in 11th and every following 8th row until there are 66 sts. on needle, then in every 6th row until there are 90 sts. When work measures 18ins. from commencement cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alternate row until 56 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 24½ ins. Cast off. Work another sleeve the same.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press carefully. Sew up side and sleeve seams and 1in. of left shoulder. Make a pleat at each side of cable at top of sleeves. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 1 row of d.c. along each side of shoulder opening. Sew on press studs.

CATARRH

HAY FEVER, BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC COLDS, 'FLU, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

These distressing complaints are all caused by germs in the bloodstream, and lasting relief can only be obtained by defeating these germs. Vaxos No. 1 is an oral vaccine (a vaccine which, instead of being injected, is simply taken a few drops each day in water, by mouth), and is produced under Government licence by an eminent physician. Upon absorption into the bloodstream, Vaxos quickly sets to work destroying the attacking germs and neutralising the poisons created by them; with the result that the patient soon feels brighter, headaches and body pains vanish, and health steadily improves. With continued treatment, immunity to the disease is established. Vaxos is perfectly safe, even for children and elderly people to take. Don't continue to suffer needlessly; obtain Vaxos from your chemist to-day.

TWO OTHER VAXOS TREATMENTS

Vaxos No. 2 (Warren Crowe Type) for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myositis, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and Spondylitis.

Vaxos No. 3 for Boils, Pimples, Carbuncles, Acne, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Eczema, Impetigo, Septic Sores, and most Skin Infections.

EACH TREATMENT IN TWO SIZES

Medium Size (15 c.cs.) 3 weeks' treatment for Acute Cases 12/6

Large Size (24 c.cs.) 6 weeks' treatment for Chronic Cases 21/-

VAXOS No 1 ORAL VACCINE

If your chemist is out of stocks write to:

VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 584 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1.

Don't quit—KEEP BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS

UGLY SKIN RASH cleared up quickly

What a flop my leaves used to be! A persistent rash on my face made going out an embarrassing ordeal. Nothing seemed to give relief.

One evening a friend mentioned how much Rexona Ointment had helped her. "Do you think it would clear up this awful rash?" I asked.

In the dormitory I borrowed her Rexona. What a difference in only a few days! The irritation died down, scaly roughness disappeared.

I've almost forgotten my trouble now but not that Ointment. When Jim says nice things about my skin I silently thank Rexona.

Rexona Ointment still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

1/6

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles

Q.46 27

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 ***

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

If you feel ill, consult your Doctor; but remember most Practitioners are over-worked just now.

For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—

For example . . .

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG

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Two colors create new style interest . . .

SMART JUMPER

● Note shoulder-line, easy rib-stitch, youthful collar and lace-up finish at neckline.

SOME may like fancy yokes with bizarre color contrasts, but they were not new even a season or so ago.

In this age it's the thing to look smart on little. And pictured is a little pearl in hand-knits—the kind that any girl who can wield a pair of knitting needles can make herself.

You won't go cross-eyed knitting this jumper, but when you make it you'll feel and look jolly good in it.

Here are directions for both short and long sleeves:

MATERIALS Required.—8 skeins (short sleeves), 10 skeins (long sleeves) "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" Super or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey), 1 skein shade No. 2185 (maize); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 20ins. Bust, 32-34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; wrn., wool round needle.

Tension.—13 sts., 2ins. 17 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 98 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows for 3½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 110 sts. When work measures 12½ins. work across all sts. in rib of k 2, p 2, and shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat last 2 rows for 3½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 34 (p 2, k 2) 8 times, p 2, k 34.

Next Row: P 34 (k 2, p 2) 8 times, k 2, p 34.

Repeat last 2 rows and increase 1 st. each end of the 6th and then every 8th row following until increased to 114 sts. (keeping increased sts. in st.-st.). When work measures 12½ins., work as follows:—Cast off 4 sts., rib 52 sts. (leave remaining 58 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., rib to end of row.

Continue in ribbing and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times, at the same time make eyelet-holes as follows:—1st one being 1in. above opening and 5 more 1in. apart.

EYELET-HOLES

Commencing at centre front, rib 4 sts., wrn. twice, k 2 tog., rib to end.

When armhole measures 5½in. cast off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at centre front, rib to end of row. Cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row and continue to work to correspond with other side.

THIS SORT OF JUMPER is at home in the office (navy with white collar laced with white, or grey with maize, are suggestions) or you can wear it to go marketing, to serve afternoon tea, or view the growth of your vegetable plants or sweet-peas. The girl wearing the original garment was taken among the beauties in Mr. Alf. Maher's chrysanthemum garden at Turramurra, N.S.W.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Work in rib as for basque for 1in. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and maize wool cast on 80 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (100 sts.). Continue in st.-st. for 1½in. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off loosely. Make ½in. hem around edge, rounding corners.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st.-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves around armholes. Sew in shoulder-pads. Sew on collar. Using a few strands of maize wool, twist and make a cord 36ins. long. Thread through eyelet-holes and tie in bow.

Knit yourself a beanie

IN our issue of March 21, 1942, directions were given for an easy-to-knit beanie.

Now, in answer to scores of requests, our knitting expert repeats instructions for the beanie:

Materials: 2oz. Patons' Totem knitting wool, 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles.

Using the Totem wool and the No. 6 needles, cast on 74 sts.

1st Row: * K 14, p 1. Repeat from * to the last 14 sts., k 14.

2nd Row: K 1, p 13, k 1, * p 14, k 1. Repeat from * to the last 14 sts., p 13, k 1.

Repeat these two rows for 4½ins. Shape as follows:

1st Row: K 2 (k 2 tog., k 2) 3 times, p 1 (k 2 tog., k 2) 3 times, k 2 tog., p 1 (k 2, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2, p 1 (k 2 tog., k 2) 3 times, k 2 tog., p 1 (k 2, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 10) twice, k 1, p 11 (k 1, p 10) twice, k 1.

3rd Row: (K 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, k 2 tog., p 1 (k 1, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1, p 1 (k 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, k 2 tog., p 1 (k 1, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1, p 1 (k 2 tog., k 1) 3 times, k 2 tog.

4th Row: K 1, p 6, * k 1, p 7. Repeat from * to the last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

5th Row: * K 1 (k 2 tog) 3 times, p 1. Repeat from * to the last 7 sts., k 1 (k 2 tog.) 3 times.

6th Row: K 1, * p 2 tog. Repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

7th Row: * K 2 tog. Repeat from * to the last st., k 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Draw up the 7 cast-off sts. in a circle and sew seam down centre-back of cap.

267 A

Patons—

Always look for this name when purchasing Knitting Wools and Knitting Books—and remember, Patons Specialty Knitting Books will ensure good results as the instructions are specially suited to the wools recommended.

PATONS & BALDWINS LTD.
AUSTRALIA

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Common People

Continued from page 18

"WELL," Speel commented as he tied the string, "she's a real stylish piece if you like blondes. Come in herself and ordered them cards. Does a big country biz. That's why she wanted that there bottom line so bold. Seems kinda to spoil the balance to me."

Pel pursed his lips and regarded the proof critically, holding it by the edges. "So it does," he said. "Still, I suppose, mother knows best." He folded the piece of paper and put it in his pocket. "I'll show it to the wife." He took his postcards. "See Dad Maroni?" he asked.

The old printer shook his head.

"He ain't been in," he said. "Too bad, that. I kinda don't like going to the funeral. I guess he don't want to see no one—even his friends."

"That's how it is," Pel said. "He'll come round, though."

Speel shook his head sadly. "A nasty business," he said, and looked up. "Curse the fellow that did it."

Pel said: "Just so, pal."

. . . . . .

In Linley's office Bella sat stiffly upright between Pel and Salvi. Despite the early hour she was well-groomed, her blonde hair neat, her hat fashionable, her make-up impeccable. Salvi's eyes were fixed on his patent shoes, his tie hung loosely and untidily, his clothes were crumpled as if he had slept in them.

Pel was immaculate. He held his bowler on his knees and watched Linley at the desk opposite.

Rorke came in and sat down at Linley's side. He took no notice of the trio opposite, but addressed the detective. "Well?" he said.

Linley picked up a paper from his desk. He turned it over in his fingers and put it down again.

"What about the prints?" Rorke asked impatiently.

Linley had been looking across at Pel, a peculiar expression in his eyes. "The prints? Oh, yes. The prints on the key are Pelham's. There is no doubt about it."

Bella uttered an exclamation. Even Salvi raised his eyes. Pel caught the look of surprise on Rorke's face, but the next moment the plainclothes man was standing up and striking the desk with the palm of his hand. "Pel," he cried. "Little Pelham!" He grinned across the room. "Well, I'm not surprised."

Linley continued his observation of Pel, who shifted uneasily under his gaze. The detective turned to Rorke and said: "The prints on the key you took from Bella last night are Pelham's prints all right, but——"

"But what?" Rorke demanded.

"But," Linley said, dryly, "the key doesn't fit the lock we took from the Maroni girl's door."

Rorke's eyes smouldered. He stared unbelievingly at Linley. "Then what were they playing round with it for? What key is it?"

Linley shook his head. "Perhaps Pelham will tell us."

Pel carefully brushed his bowler with the sleeve of his coat. He looked a little embarrassed. "I don't mind," he said. He looked directly at Linley. "It's my latch-key," he said calmly. "The key of my front door."

Rorke stared at him speechlessly. Linley said: "Satisfied Rorke?" and added: "You can easily prove it."

Rorke came to life. "No," he cried. "By thunder, no. He's up to something. If it's your latchkey, Pelham, why all that play last night? What was the tattooed dame doing with your house key?"

If Pelham had known how, he would have blushed. He looked down at his toes. "One must have friends, Mr. Rorke," he said, demurely.

When they were outside Pelham studiously avoided Bella's eyes, but the blonde planted herself in front of him, and held him by the lapels of his coat. Her mischievous eyes twinkled.

"So that's the sort of woman I am, Mr. Pelham?"

Pel said: "Sorry, Bella. No one would believe it—except Rorke."

She laughed. "I don't know what's it's all about yet," she said, "but it was worth it to see that flatfoot's face."

Pel said: "What you doing this morning?"

"Nothing," she replied. "This afternoon the Professor's fitting me for a gargoyle."

"I see. Listen, Salvi. Promise to carry on as if nothing had happened. I got a hunch things are coming right. Bella, go to this address." He took from his pocket the proof he had picked up at Speel's and copied the address on an envelope. "Have a look round and see what you can find. Make some excuse about clothes."

She looked at the scrap of paper. "Gee!" she said. "How do you do it? Salvi, say hello and farewell to Bella, the girl detective."

To be continued

The Admiral's Daughters

Continued from page 28

REFRESHMENTS were served, but Little Muffer was not the host but merely a guest, doggedly making a valiant effort to eat when his appetite had left him.

Something was funny. Holbrook sensed it—the way they kept chuckling, glancing at him. Then someone broke off in the middle of a sentence, hearing a burst of cheers. It came from topside, from the quarterdeck directly over the Admiral's cabin.

There was something queer. Little Muffer's perceptions were razor-keen. He watched a Marine lieutenant enter, salute his successor, and tell him something. Abruptly everyone present went silent, so that Ackers' answer was clearly heard:

"Show the ensign in, Lieutenant."

Eh? Little Muffer raised his brows. An ensign, the lowest rank in the Service — and what would he have to do with Ackers, responsible now for the entire fleet?

"Admiral——" Someone spoke to Holbrook, and he turned to shake hands with the senior chaplain, who had served under him for years.

Little Muffer's attention was still distracted when the ensign appeared and saluted Ackers. The chaplain was talking; but then he stopped short, and Holbrook, puzzled, followed his smile.

She stood all in white except for the band and the single stripe on her nurse's cap. The jaunty white cap was set back on her head, and across its front was a black velvet band with the one gold stripe of a Navy ensign!

"Ensign Holbrook"—Ackers' voice had a smile as broad as the visible one on his face—"I'm happy to welcome you to the fleet. You may not feel quite so much at home on board a hospital ship as you would in the line, but unless the regulations are altered I'm afraid I can't let you serve in a turret. However, perhaps through Mr. Stroud you'll give us some pointers on shooting our guns!"

"I should like nothing better, sir, than to help Mr. Stroud any way I can."

"H'm. Very good. Very fortunate man. You're acquainted with Admiral Holbrook, Ensign?"

Little Muffer's right hand shot up to return the salute of his youngest daughter. Her eyes were dancing. But not his own; his years of command, of concealing emotions, were hardly enough to sustain him now. For he knew what this meant. Bos'n's tour at sea would last eighteen months, and that, plus the time it had taken her to qualify as a registered nurse, made years in which she might have been married—Stroud's sacrifice as well as her own!

They were all applauding, the admirals, captains, as Barbara threw herself into his arms.

"You see, the Holbrooks are still afloat, sir. And I promise you, father, we'll take care of the eighth generation, Alex and I . . . You tell him, darling." She turned to Alex.

Little Muffer, still dazed, blinked up at Stroud as the boy valiantly stammered his request to marry the prize of Holbrook's daughters. Asking him! It was like asking Cincus if he would prefer to win an action or to see his battle fleet scattered and sunk.

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SO BEAUTIFUL IN UNIFORM

Ida Lupino

Like many other stars, this lovely Hollywood favourite gives her time outside the Studio to war work.

LUX TOILET SOAP

SHE HAS A GLAMOUR HINT FOR EVERY ACTIVE GIRL

A lovely complexion's important to any girl. I use Lux Toilet Soap every day. It leaves skin softly smooth

★Actual statement by IDA LUPINO starring in 20th Century Fox Film "Moontide"

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"HEENZO" Great For Chest–Nose & Throat Ailments–Saves Money

Save money by making one pint of the best remedy for chest, nose and throat ailments by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" to sweetened water. You take "HEENZO" internally for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and you will appreciate its delightful flavour and soothing qualities. For quick relief from Catarrh or colds in head use "HEENZO" as a nasal antiseptic. "HEENZO" used as a gargle is the best treatment for sore throats. "HEENZO" costs only 2/- at all the best chemists and stores.***

Germolene SKIN OINTMENT

Cleared Terrible RASH from FACE and NECK

"I must write and let you know of the marvellous cure Germolene has made of my face. My face and neck were covered with a terrible rash for four weeks, keeping me from my work. I decided to try Germolene and in two weeks the rash disappeared and I was back at work. Thanks a million!" E. G. S.

Why be disfigured by an unsightly rash? Why be tormented by fierce irritation and pain? Why be worried by an ulcer or open wound? Let Germolene heal your skin clean. Feel it soothe at a touch! See it banish blemishes! Experience how it ends burning, itching, throbbing and pain!

In glass jars (wartime pack), 1/6, one size only.

Germolene Quickly Heals ECZEMA, BURNS, SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, CUTS, ABSCESSES, HEAT RASH, WOUNDS, etc.

A 'Lift' at 2 a.m.

"The boys of the Searchlight crews and other night workers just rush our steaming hot Bonox," says Mrs. Grace, who, together with Mesdames Davis and Prowles, voluntarily runs an all-night C. of E. Mobile Canteen. "And," adds Mrs. Grace, "how it warms them up. There's goodness in every cupful." You'd need a 'lift', too, if you were on an all-night job. Bonox is a grand pick-me-up at any hour . . . drink it hot to send new vitality racing through your system. Get the Bonox habit this winter . . . build up your resistance and keep your head above the flu line. Make your next a Bonox, hot! Or buy a bottle today and drink hot Bonox tonight and sleep like a top.

KB3

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURBED IN 3 MINUTES

To-day, thanks to Mendaco, there is no reason why any man or woman should suffer ASTHMA ATTACKS, with the ever-lasting fight for breath, and the tightness on the chest which makes going to bed at night a positive nightmare. Mendaco—a famous doctor's prescription—is guaranteed to ease your breathing, permit you to eat any kind of food without harm, stop your heart thumping against your ribs—or money back. Go to your chemist now, but insist on Mendaco—the medicine that gives you relief or money back.

Mendaco works lightning quick to put an end to your Asthma or Bronchitis, yet contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It acts in 3 ways to make sure you completely regain your health and strength.

(1) Loosens and relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in throat and bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply, and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs.

(2) Removes the mucus or phlegm which poisons the system.

(3) Drives out the poisons and irritating factors and helps to refresh and build up the blood, thus increasing energy and so fortifying the system against recurring attacks.

Mendaco Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis are now enjoying sound, invigorating sleep all night and every night, because in Mendaco they have found the one medicine which truly gets to the root of their trouble and relieves the terrible suffering. Men and women who had at one time to sit up all night long, unable to work, compelled to choose their food carefully, and could never enjoy life, say that, thanks to Mendaco, their paroxysms have stopped, and that they can now sleep soundly the whole night through, eat any kind of food, and feel younger and stronger than they have for many years.

If you are one of the millions subject to cough after cough and cold after cold, and cannot shake them off, beware Bronchitis and Asthma. Mendaco, because it eases breathing and gets air to your lungs, helps to get rid of the cause—a stifled respiratory system — and the blood cleansing medicaments in Mendaco fortify and strengthen you against further trouble.

Troubles Start To End in 24 Hours

Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, and within an hour or so—you can feel that your stifled tubes are being freed so that you can breathe easily and freely. Most Mendaco users say they sleep soundly first night, and feel like a new person within 24 hours. No dopes, smokes, atomizers or injections. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day under the guarantee to give you satisfaction or money back.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

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until I see you
again dearest —
your sweet face
is always in my
heart and I can
almost feel your
soft smooth cheek
against mine.
Love — Jim

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USE THE ONE LEADING BEAUTY SOAP . . .
MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!

Remember
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS . . .
olive and palm oils — no others — go into the making of Palmolive. Look for the olive color.

WHEN he comes home to you, will he find you as lovely as his heart has dreamed you'd be? Day's end or year's end . . . will the sweet look of you, the soft touch of you . . . be just as he remembered?

For his sake, guard your loveliness. Choose your beauty soap with care and caution. *Know* what it is made with!

Consider, for example, that of all leading soaps, Palmolive *alone* is made with Olive and Palm Oils. Into its making go no animal fats . . . only those fine vegetable oils . . . treasured as beauty aids since Cleopatra's day.

No wonder millions of charming women thrill to the way Palmolive helps keep skin smooth, petal-soft and at its radiant best. No wonder Palmolive is the world's largest-selling beauty soap. To guard the loveliness *he* loves . . . turn *now* to Palmolive's gentle care!

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NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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